Did New York hange the GOP Future?

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NOVEMBER 16, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

'Can a Truly Contemporary Person Not Be an Atheist...'

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

'When Harold Wilson at Last Finds His Squalid Place in the History Books...'

COLM BROGAN

'The Year Was 2081, and Everybody Was Finally Equal...'

KURT VONNEGUT JR.

Also In This Issue:

VICTOR LASKY ON THE SORENSEN BOOK ♦ MOLNAR ON EDEN'S MEMOIRS ♦ REVIEWS BY VAN DEN HAAG, EVANS, DAVENPORT ♦ A PLEA BY KIRK FOR THE PRIVATE COLLEGE V. BEHEMOTH U.

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PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Arlene Croce,
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Dorothy Rea

ASSOCIATES

M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Ralph de Toledano,
Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Guy Davenport,
Joan Didion, W. H. von Dreele, Neal Freeman, Aloise B. Heath,
Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn,
J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Morrie Ryskind, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley
At Large: William S. Schlamm
ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
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CONTENTS *NOVEMBER 16, 1965 VOL. XVII, NO. 46*

THE WEEK 1011

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 1006
The Dominican Prospect .....*James Burnham* 1019
Harrison Bergeron .....*Kurt Vonnegut Jr.* 1020
The Intellectual Climate and Christian Belief
Harold O. J. Brown 1022
The Crooked Road of Harold Wilson
Colm Brogan 1026
A Practical Means to Educational Freedom
and Diversity .....*Russell Kirk* 1028
Trans-O-Gram 1043
For the Record 1044

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

The Mature (i.e. Liberal) JFK ... *Victor Lasky* 1029
The Forgotten Giant .....*M. Stanton Evans* 1030
Analysis, Not Prescription ..*Ernest van den Haag* 1031
The Puppet Masters .....*Guy Davenport* 1032
Who Are the Americans? .....*Vincent Miller* 1035
Legacy of the Wartime Big Three
Thomas Molnar 1037
Books in Brief 1038

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In This Issue . . .

➔Two men, inspired by the vision of an alternative to the intellectual and moral chaos of the present century, give us their best. The Rev. **Harold O. J. Brown,** a Congregationalist minister and teaching fellow at Harvard, discusses the four lethal poisons that have tainted the mental nourishment of everyone brought up since the turn of the century, and describes how terribly hard it is to be a Christian, and how unutterably important. . . . In a vastly different tempo, but using the same key, the great **Kurt Vonnegut Jr.** tells a horror story of the next century, in which the idea of ecumenicism (all ideas are equally plausible) is extended to its cruellest reach: human variability is immoral. Vonnegut is one of the handful of genuinely great writers of science fiction. . . . The urbane **Colm Brogan** is moved to words of wrath in describing the regime of Harold Wilson, a regime made up of broken promises, snaps, outright lies, snails, and political turpitude, puppy-dog tails.

➔**James Burnham** puts into focus what a very inside man has decided to tell about what he knows about the political mess in the Dominican Republic. Unless some startling development crops up soon, Dominica is rumbling straight down the tracks towards a Communist takeover. . . . **Russell Kirk** asks how to pay for higher education, and explains why one of the most plausible schemes is also one of the most likely to be put into effect sooner or later. Because both Hubert Humphrey and Barry Goldwater are for it, that's why. . . . and the editors muse on the meaning of the New York City election to the future of the national Republican Party, coming, not unexpectedly, to a different conclusion from the editors of the *New York Times, Herald Tribune* and *Post.*

➔Theodore C. Sorensen's *Kennedy,* a big book about Mr. Theodore C. Sorensen's memories of J. F. Kennedy, is reviewed unadmiringly but appreciatively by **Victor Lasky,** whose *JFK: The Man and the Myth* was published only a few weeks before the shocking assassination of President Kennedy and whose more recent *Ugly Russian* lays to rest that recurrent myth, the bruit about Muscovite infallibility. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** reviews the book in which Mr. Richard Cornuelle (pron. Cornell) explains his electrifying system of voluntary (non-statist) welfarism. . . . A courageous sociologist, Prof. **Ernest van den Haag,** reviews a recent work by that courageous psychiatrist, Dr. Thomas Szasz, whose *Ethics of Psychoanalysis* bids fair to free us from pyschological excuses for legalistic tyranny. . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport** much likes what Elspeth Huxley did; tosses Mr. Wain away with the season's liveliest quip; and gladly connives in the continuing exhumation of Hermann Hesse. . . . **Vincent Miller** compares and contrasts the views of American history taken by Prof. Daniel Boorstin in his latest, and by the late Prof. Perry Miller in his incomplete, work. . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar** is delighted to record Anthony Eden's opinion of FDR.➔

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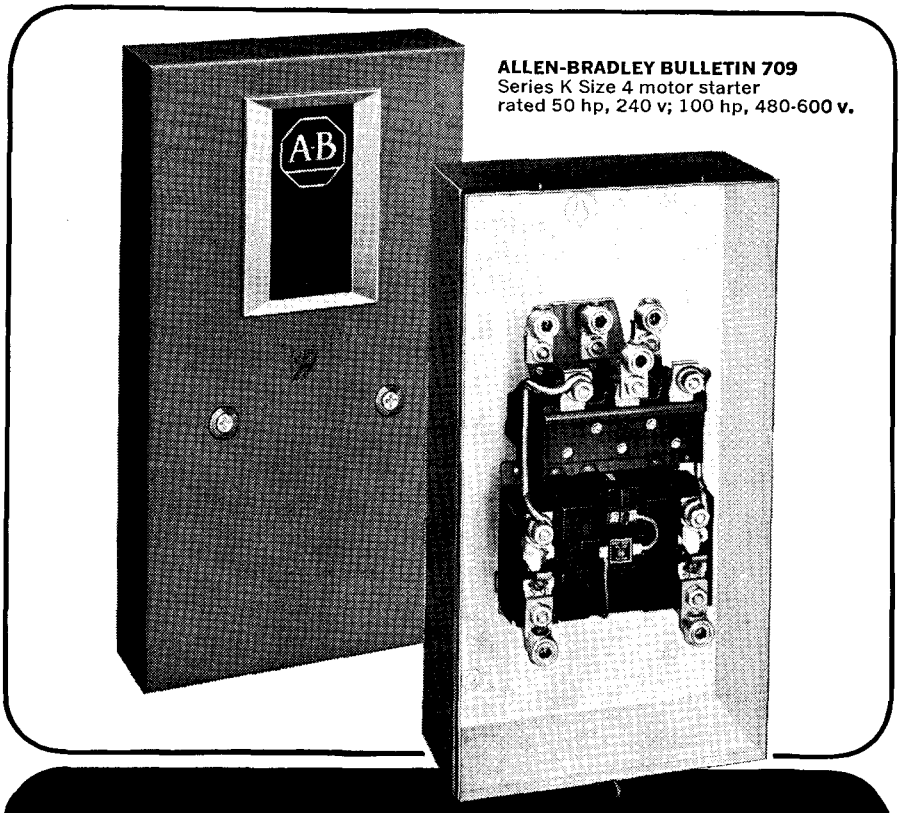

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TO THE EDITOR

NR Sí, JBS No

Congratulations on your issue of October 19 and specifically the long-overdue critique of the John Birch Society.

I hope that among your subscribers there may be many Birch members who will be motivated to question their leadership. But more important, perhaps thousands who had been considering Birch membership will have had their eyes sufficiently opened to go in quest of some other organization through which to work toward conservative victories.

Centerville, Ohio GEORGE GRIFFIN

You are to be congratulated on your evaluation of the John Birch Society. Most people are unaware of the distinctions among the various positions on the Right. It is the responsibility of conscientious conservatives to insure that these people do not misapply the good word conservative to the advocates of intemperate militancy and ideological fanaticism.

Hollywood, Cal. THOMAS L. WETZEL

Although I have been totally sympathetic to the JBS and approved their efforts (in spite of a wince now and then) your point of view brought me to the realization that the Liberal virus is only aggravated by diagnosis bordering on the pathological.

Your analysis may yet bring salutary results, because you didn't destroy in the process—you pointed the way.

ALEXANDER LOCKWOOD
North Hollywood, Cal.

The crackpot theories and schemes dreamed up by Mr. Welch surely contributed to the overwhelming defeat of Barry Goldwater last year. They threaten to do the same thing to the candidacy of Ronald Reagan for Governor of California.

Morristown, N.J. JACQUES BRANHALL JR.

If you still believe that to leave the Society is merely a matter of resigning as is claimed, then let me disillusion you further. It is NOT. Two of my friends who tried to resign (and finally made it) had such recriminations and accusations thrown at them they had their backs to the wall fighting for their good names. One darn near had a nervous breakdown.

Orinda, Cal. GERRIE MCCORMACK

You squares down there on a hundred Fifty Street Three Five better get swing-

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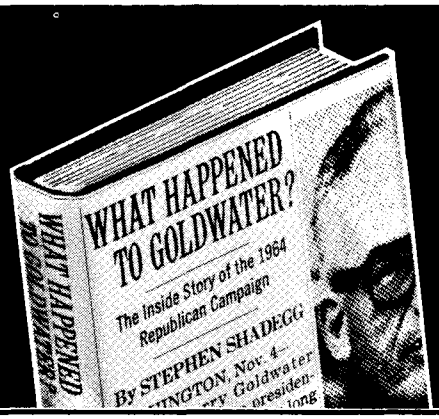

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Well, what did happen to Barry Goldwater? **And to the great crusade he launched? Half a million dedicated conservatives (including just about everyone who is now reading this page) marched beside him to bring our country back to its senses. What went wrong?**

FEW MEN are as qualified as Stephen C. Shadegg to give an accurate report of the unlit corners of the Goldwater campaign. He managed Goldwater's two Senate campaigns, served as Regional Director for the Western States in 1964. Barry Goldwater once said: "Steve Shadegg knows more about me than any other writer in the country."

Only a friend could write this book; only a *close* friend would dare to. It is a record of soaring hopes—and frustrating blunders. Heartwarming sacrifice – and bitter infighting. It is the very flesh and blood of political campaigning at the top level. No political pro has ever written so candidly.

Shadegg has worked in 13 Republican Senatorial races, found Goldwater much the most effective and cooperative campaigner. But as the time for a decision drew near. Shadegg sensed a deep uneasiness in his old friend. Once a candidate, Goldwater seemed a changed man. His easy good humor almost vanished. The burdens of his new role pressed down on him. Men around Goldwater saw the sacrifice he was making. He loved the Senate, only went for the big job because millions of us begged him to.

Shadegg traces Goldwater's whole career for background, reviews the '64 primaries, really zeroes in on the campaign months. He makes you privy to scores of significant events never reported till now. He discusses over 600 key people in the Goldwater campaign – people you yourself may have worked with – and he records with a most unpolitical candor his views on many key figures in the Goldwater high command

The Secret Meeting of September, 1963. Scheduled to attend: Goldwater, William Buckley, Brent Bozell, Dr. Charles Kelley. Surprise (and uninvited?) guests: Denison Kitchel and William Baroody – who, Shadegg maintains, were by now the new palace guard eager to keep Goldwater away from his old advisors. The story, leaked to the *Times*, reported that the Goldwater-for-President movement had "just repelled a boarding party from the forces who supposedly occupy the narrow territory to the right of the Arizona Senator". Who leaked the story? Shadegg lines up the clues.

New Hampshire. 5 ways to lose a primary. Peter O'Donnell's prophetic words. Dishonesty on TV: the infamous film clip by the Lodge forces. Raymond Moley's shrewd counsel.

Rus Walton's Startling Survey – another exclusive in these pages. Amazing index of American voters' political naivete. (Only 10% found LBJ too Liberal – while 4% found Goldwater too Liberal!) Survey also shows gut issues that really stir voters, points up rich opportunities for conservatives.

The "Think Tank" on the 3rd Floor. How they kept Goldwater isolated. Bitter battle between the Think Tank and farm-belt Goldwaterites: Think Tank wins – and Goldwater loses every farm state.

Shadegg's Post-Election Questionnaire – to 1,308 GOP delegates in '64. Their views on the campaign: Did Goldwater change? Did he lack warmth? Did he help other Republicans? How much damage did GOP Liberals do?

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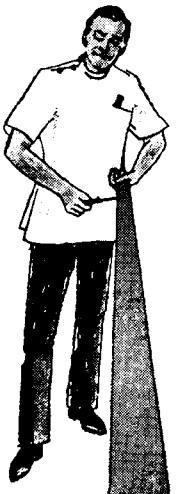

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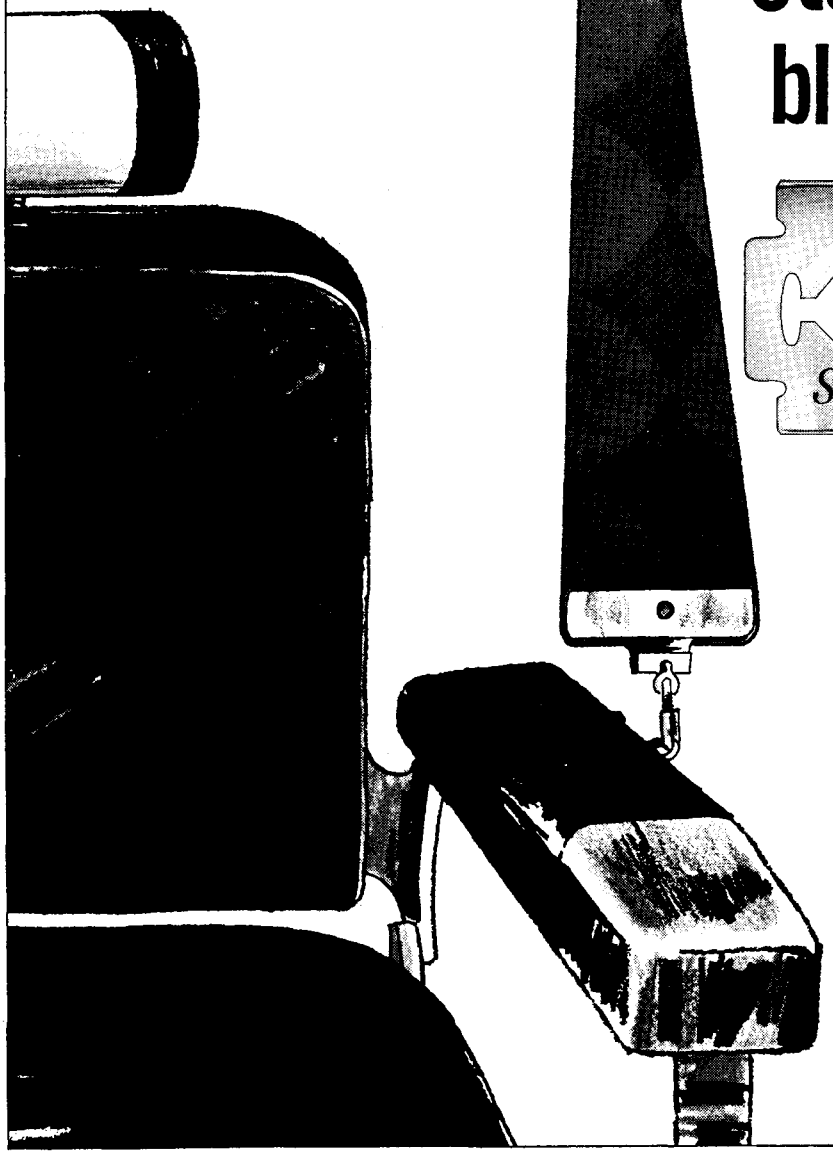

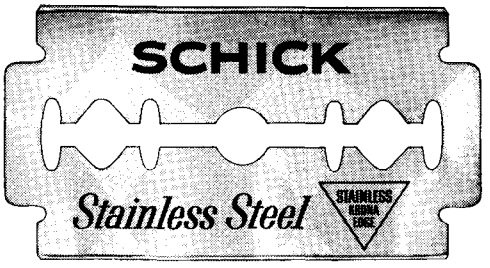

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ing fast I mean gee whiz jumpin' jimminy holy creepers don't it make obvious sense all Welch wants us to do is sound so kookie creepy nobody'll listen any more to no sense at all crimminy you'd think all those brains on your masthead would known THAT!

Simperly,

Madrid, Spain PETER CRUMPET

Your special feature on the John Birch Society was the finest thing that has happened to conservatism since the NATIONAL REVIEW was founded. Are reprints available?

Ridgewood, N.J. JOHN E. WILLSON, D.V.M.

No, but extra copies may be had at the reprint price of 25 cents each.—ED.

On the Other Hand . . .

I believe you will find as many degrees of conservatism as there are members in the JBS. I do not have to agree with Robert Welch in order to belong to the JBS nor do I have to agree with Governor Romney in order to belong to the Republican party. . . .

Birmingham, Mich. VINCENT A. PROULX

To explain Robert Welch and the entire JBS movement you need merely point out, and keep pointing out, that these extreme right-wing movements are only the natural, human, equal and opposite reaction to the extreme imbalance toward the ultra-left. In fact, the counterbalancing reaction was amazingly slow in coming. You can't fight against natural laws of human nature and physics (for each action there must be an equal and opposite reaction).

Santa Maria, Cal. THOMAS M. MORSE

Robert Welch and the members of the John Birch Society strongly favor the continued presence of American Soldiers in Vietnam if the goal of the Johnson Administration is complete victory over the Communists. However, if the end result of our Vietnam policy is to be another Korean-type settlement, then the United States should get out of Vietnam before another thousand lives are needlessly wasted.

Norwood, Mass. JAMES J. DRUMMEY

Imperfect tool that the JBS is—blind club that it often wields—yet there is a resolute strain, a God-fearing determination in the Birchers that sometimes puts the rest of us to shame.

Liberty, Texas CLARENCE E. JACK

The trouble is, Mr. Robert Welch and I are old. We lived through the hideous Roosevelt Revolution when people thought it amusing to exhibit their Communist cards. . . . We carry a terrible weight. The weight is despair. There is no way for us to communicate with the

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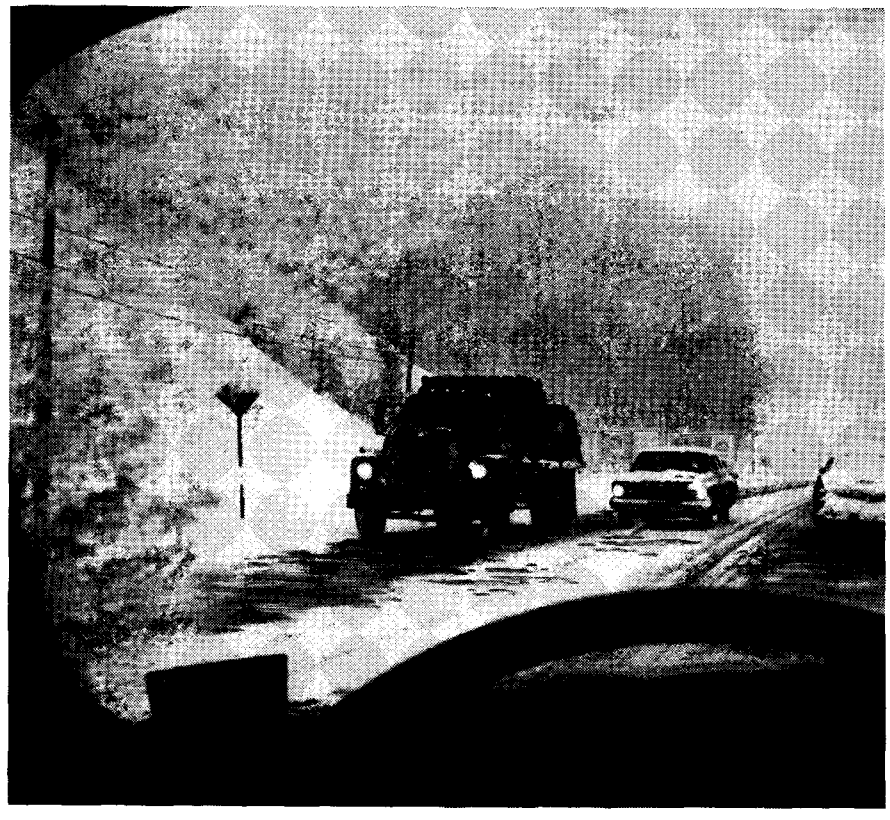

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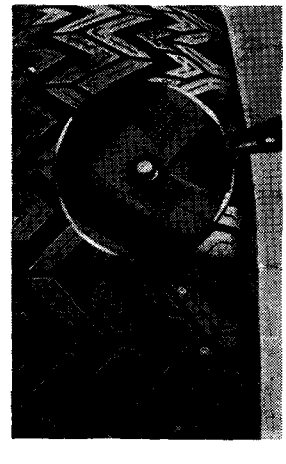

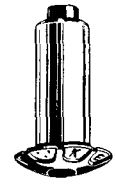

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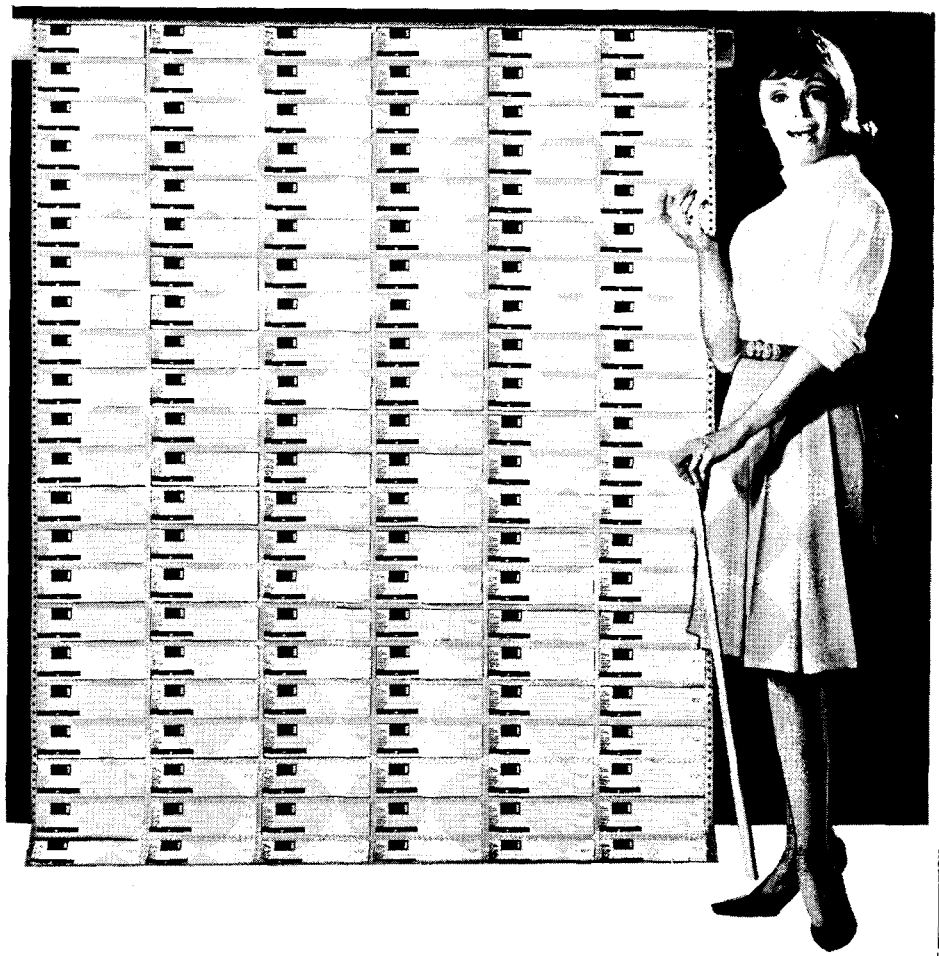

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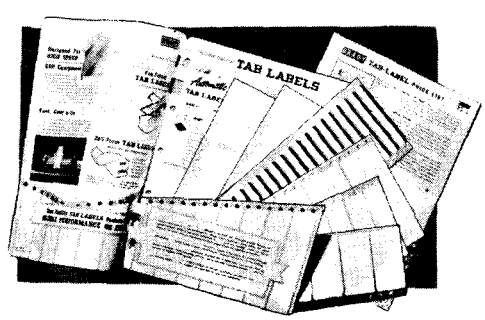

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Louisville, Ky. GERTRUDE HARDEMAN

Not a Member

After winning the toss for first "go" at NATIONAL REVIEW last night, I settled down to what I had hoped would prove an interesting evening, but when I reached page 917 it seemed more like a nightmare. Blazoned across the page was my name and (incorrectly spelled) address, and a sentence, taken out of context from a letter which I had written to you in reply to an editorial printed in the *Los Angeles Times.* The sentence read, "Since I have just so much hate in me, I must parcel it out rather sparingly, and as I understand you I am now to love Russia and hate the John Birch Society". What you cunningly omitted was the sentence which followed which was: "That is the loose interpretation the Talk Shows are giving it," and I went on to explain. Any casual reading of the balance of my letter would cause little comment if it had been signed by Senator Goldwater and the quote in question would have been taken for what it was: a bit of levity. . . . I clearly stated I am not a member of the John Birch Society. . . .

MRS. GEORGE H. CALDWELL

LaCrescenta, Cal.

Balaam's Ass

A word of thanks to Mr. Kirk for his article, "Balaam's Ass in the Seminary [Oct. 19]." It sent a little chill of delight up my spine to hear of still another person—I know a few—who has the in-

(Continued on p. 1040)

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The WEEK

● Ring out the old, clunk in the new. On November 1 the silverless, cupro-nickel-clad, copper-core, "sandwich" quarter-dollar was released through the banks, slightly ahead of schedule, but with exactly the applause anticipated, to wit, zero. Similarly constructed dimes will follow in a few weeks, and next year some not entirely silverless Kennedy halves. We now enter a prolonged transition period in which two types of coin will be available for circulation, one type loaded up to its face value with purchasing power due to its silver content, the other quite insignificant as a piece of metallic value. Gresham's Law, first formulated about four hundred years ago and exemplified a hundred times since, states the tendency of the intrinsically more valuable coinage to disappear. The Federal Government is relying on the hope that Gresham's Law will not apply. Anyone with a (real, old-time, *silver*) dime to spare can place his own private bet against Washington.

● Note for the archives. On October 27 the Federal Government announced that its war in Vietnam would necessitate an increase of approximately 70 per cent in its purchases of aluminum. On October 30 the aluminum industry announced a price increase. The next day, the White House was issuing anonymous threats to release "surplus" aluminum from the federal stockpile. Question for the archives: Is the stockpile superfluous or is it not? If so, why did the government declare its need for more of the stuff in the first place?

● Unaccustomed as they are to being kept in the dark, UPI, *Newsweek*, CBS and the Cowles newspaper chain—or representatives thereof—have gone on record with a blast against the Johnson Administration's increasingly bold tendency to invoke the privilege of government secrecy upon damn near anything it chooses, anytime it chooses, whether security is a consideration or not. The occasion was the annual report of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic fraternity, and the case in point was the blocking, this year, of a federal record bill which would have limited to eight clear categories the kind of information that should be withheld. The report didn't use the term "creeping Caesarism" but all the rest of us moles have been using it for months.

● With his Sept. 15 speech condemning the U.S. Dominican intervention as an unbalanced reaction to "an exaggerated fear of a Communist takeover," J. W. Fulbright (Ark.) drew even with Wayne Morse (Ore.) in their running competition for leadership of the Senate's appeasement faction. A renewed spurt on the Oct. 24 "Meet the Press" program put the man from Arkansas out front. We should, advised the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, suspend our bombing of North Vietnam "for a more reasonable time" than the four days of the previous suspension. Just how long is "reasonable" Sen. Fulbright did not specify, but he is said to favor at least "several weeks"—a period he evidently believes Ho Chi Minh would use "to allow negotiations to get under way" rather than to repair bridges, tracks, road junctions, missile launching sites, and other military installations. The *New York Times*, long one of Sen. Fulbright's ardent admirers, followed on target with a lead editorial (Nov. 1) demanding a "Vietnam Bombing Pause."

● California's Democratic Party has progressed from its wonted state of continual uproar into one of utter anarchy. Simon Casady, the outgoing chairman of the party's main volunteer arm, is using his position as a platform from which to heap abuse on President Johnson for defending South Vietnam, and on Governor Brown for attempting to defend President Johnson. Casady's term is scheduled to run out within a few months, but for the moment he is stumping the state—and splitting the Liberal wing of the party into pro- and anti-LBJ subwings. Now Jesse Unruh, the leader of the conservative wing of the Liberal wing, is mad because Bobby Kennedy accepted a speaking invitation from Congressman George Brown, who represents the left wing of anybody's wing. The only beneficiary of all this is the de facto head of the party's vast, long-bossed conservative wing: Mayor Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles, who looks more and more like a primary opponent of Governor Brown next year.

● Enormities of the Week in Review—*London*, Oct. 29. The Archbishop of Canterbury endorses the use of force in Rhodesia—against the white minority. Vandals thereupon desecrate the interior of the cathedral with pacifist slogans. *New York*, Nov. 1. Daniel Burros, King Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan, shoots himself dead on reading a story in the *New York Times* identifying him as a Jew. *Saigon*, Nov. 1. An unknown Buddhist monk burns himself to death on the second anniversary, otherwise tranquilly observed, of the fall of Ngo Dinh Diem. *The Pentagon*, Nov. 2. Norman R. Morrison of Baltimore, described as a Quaker, burns himself to death in full view of hundreds of Defense Department office workers. "He was protesting," says Mrs. Norman R. Morrison, "our government's deep military involvement in this

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war [in Vietnam]." . . . Well, then, peace be unto us all, the living and the dead; *pax nobiscum, shalom;* SHANTIH SHANTIH SHANTIH.

● Soon, it is reported, the Administration is going to "crack down" on American corporations that have been expanding their overseas business faster than LBJ's "guidelines" allow. The Administration will set precise limits for capital investment overseas, business by business, and then it will exhort all corporate officers to comply "voluntarily." So it goes. As Professor Milton Friedman pointed out recently (*NR*, Aug. 24), there is no end of trouble when private organizations unprotestingly permit the government to shift its own responsibility onto them. Suddenly we are at sea without star or rudder, and the most certain prophecy is that we shall have an acceleration in the trend toward political control of American enterprise. And as Tocqueville foresaw 130 years ago, it is the businessmen themselves who are conniving in their journey into bondage.

● For a brief moment it looked as if the crisis no one wanted had arrived in Rhodesia. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson had flown to Salisbury to discuss independence with Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and African leaders Joshua Nkomo and Ndabaningi Sithole. Neither side would compromise. Smith demanded independence under the complex electoral system now in operation, which, in effect, disfranchises large numbers of blacks. Sithole and Nkomo demanded what Wilson is incapable of giving them—immediate independence under a one-man one-vote electoral system. It was a collision course. Whereupon, in that seemingly bungling way the British have of wiggling off the hook, Wilson suggested appointing a three-man Royal Commission to look the situation over. Right, said Smith. The decision will now be postponed at least another two months, by which time . . . well, something might happen; or better still, for all concerned in Rhodesia—black and white—not happen.

● From the *Peace Corps News* (official publication of the organization of the same name), Autumn 1965 —headline, page one: "Agitating Overseas Takes Time and Special Talents." Story: " 'It's like calling a meeting for free speech, which is easy, versus getting people to the point where they care enough to go to jail.' [Latin American coordinator] Bruce Reeves explained. 'That's what makes [Mario] Savio a *gunner*—he gets people to believe in things.' " Story, page one: "Most people around Peace Corps headquarters in Washington get a little uneasy when a word like revolution starts getting kicked around; but that is, in a sense, what the Peace Corps is all about—in much the same way as SNCC workers in Mississippi or freedom marchers in Alabama are dealing with the stuff of revolution." Page 3: "Have you been arrested five times in the last five months for sitting in? Do you think we should ban the bomb, integrate Mississippi into the United States, abolish the State Department and turn the Met over to folksingers? The Peace Corps is just your cup of espresso. . . ." It's just the caffeine that keeps us awake, eh, gang?

● To find a North Vietnamese in Copenhagen is not all that easy, so imagine the joy of the local Communists when a) they located Phan Phoc Vinh—"a living symbol of American brutality," as he was advertised—and b) he agreed to be their featured speaker at a Hate-U.S. rally. Phan Phoc Vinh started off right on course. "The Vietnamese," he told the crowd, "are a peace-loving people who do not want the American presence in Vietnam. But," he added, "the Americans are necessary to combat Communism, since it is the Communists who are responsible for the war." "Living symbol"-become-traitor was hastily removed.

The Wayward Press

I swear if, on the Senate floor
The shades of orators of yore
Appeared—like, say, Diogenes'—
The Press would push the Kennedys.

The reason's difficult to plumb.
(Diogenes was hardly dumb.)
But nothing Greek *begins* to please
Like quoting from the Kennedys.

Indeed, if Jacob Javits spoke
Bereft of toga; shorn of cloak;
With nothing on but BVDs—
They'd focus on the Kennedys.

W. H. VON DREELE

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1. The Elections

Nightmare, anyone? The Republicans lost every important election in the country with two exceptions. In both of these, the Republicans won only after belittling their own party and seeking and winning the endorsement of the ADA.

The case of Mr. Lindsay is dealt with below. The other is District Attorney-elect Arlen Specter of Philadelphia, who was not even a registered Republican, having been borrowed from a roster of Liberal Democrats by Bill Scranton and Hugh Scott. The question arises whether election contests will develop

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ With Congress safely out of the way, the Administration propaganda mill has begun to work overtime, preparing the American people for the biggest jump in federal spending since Harry S. Truman was President. It was necessary to withhold this information while Johnson's servants were mechanically wielding the rubber stamp. Knowledge of what was in store might have slowed down the rate at which the House and Senate were appropriating new money. Now that the session is over, correspondents who cover the Treasury have been told that in 1966 the "national income and product budget"—an estimated $122.2 billion in 1965—will jump by approximately $10 billion. This increase will pay for the rash of Handout State legislation rammed through by the President, including the $300 million St. John River project which no one wants but the contracting industry. But the Administration hopes to hide this fact in a blizzard of statistics about the higher cost of the Vietnam war. Of the new billions the Treasury will shell out in 1966, the Administration claims, some $7 billion will go to the Defense Department, with a projected budget of more than $55 billion. Pentagon observers smile broadly at this "statistic"—or weep. For the simple fact remains that the economical Secretary McNamara has been "saving" money by equipping United States forces in Southeast Asia with weapons and other matériel cannibalized from divisions in Europe and in the States.

◆ Though the State Department and the Pentagon continue their benevolent silence over the situation in the Dominican Republic, intelligence sources warn that an overt Communist takeover of the government becomes more of a possibility (see "The Third World War"). These reports note that the "impartial" government, the anti-Communist army, and the well-armed and still organized rebels are convinced that the Johnson Administration will not intervene a second time. The big question here is whether President Johnson has seen what the CIA and the FBI have been reporting. Those who would normally have placed the CIA and FBI reports on the top of the pile of papers which go to the President daily have not forgotten the attacks on them—and on responsible officials who warned that the "nationalist" rebellion was, in fact, a Communist putsch. Already, Under Secretary of State Thomas C. Mann has been disciplined by being deprived of a prestige promotion to the rank of Career Ambassador.

◆ The 1949 "revolt of the admirals," led by Louis Denfield (with heavy logistical support from Arthur W. Radford and Arleigh Burke) may break out again—and in a manner which will make the assault against Mr. Truman's Defense Secretary seem like ROTC maneuvers. The admirals fought against the spending of billions of dollars on the B-36 bomber and for their own supercarrier. History, they feel, has justified them. The "revolt" now brewing will include both admirals and generals in the three services. Their charge, if it is made in the terms now being privately employed, will cause an explosion in Congress and lead to an exhaustive investigation which can wreck more than one reputation in the Administration—and perhaps lead to a Democratic defeat in 1968. Very briefly, what the nation's military leaders have to say is this: Secretary McNamara has entrusted all important military decisions, including those on strategy and weaponry, to the "whiz kid" brigade and their computers. He has risked Pentagon security by placing in a key position an official who was hired despite an adverse loyalty report, on the basis of a White House order. He has destroyed the morale of the officers and enlisted men by depriving them of vitally necessary weapons. The nature of these charges explains why President Johnson will do anything and everything to halt any inquiry by either House or Senate.

◆ It was, for a time, happy hour at the *Washington Post*. Reporters and editorial writers discussed former Vice President Nixon as if he were a human being. The stands he took on various questions, even when at variance with those of the *Post*, were reported with a modicum of fairness and seriousness. But Mr. Nixon made a fatal blunder. He criticized New Jersey Governor Hughes for refusing to fire a professor on the state payroll who told students at a Rutgers University teach-in that he "welcomes" a Communist victory in Vietnam. This was too much for the *Post*. It jumped all over the former Vice President in an editorial reminiscent of its 1950-62 rhetoric. It was headed, "The Old, Old Nixon." Even Mr. Nixon's partisans fear the lament was premature.

—CATO

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into finals matches among Democrats, the Democratic primaries having served as the semi-finals.

Elsewhere, the Republicans were repulsed, and not even politely. The Democratic regimes of New Jersey and Virginia easily defeated impoverished Republican insurgents; and the Republicans' defeat in Virginia was made inevitable by the entry of an avowed member of the John Birch Society, running on the "Conservative Party" ticket, who won 15 per cent of the vote. The Republicans lost even after making strenuous attempts in Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Haven, Bridgeport. They carried Akron but lost Scranton. As expected, they held on to Louisville. In New Jersey, the GOP lost both houses of the Legislature for the first time since Princetonian Woodrow Wilson wowed them in 1910. In Republican Ohio the Democrats, besides winning the most important municipal election, made a surprisingly healthy showing against the son of the late Clarence Brown, running for the House of Representatives.

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(Statement sent to the press by Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on November 3)

It is not altogether clear why so many people are blaming me for Mr. Abraham Beame's defeat. I should like gently to remind them that it was not I who wrote Mr. Beame's speeches; not I who posed, beaming, alongside Adam Clayton Powell Jr.; not I who attempted to demonstrate to the voters that John Lindsay was a conservative Republican; not I who accused conservative-minded New Yorkers of desiring to construct concentration camps. It was taxing enough to run my own campaign, without having to run Mr. Beame's.

I am asked to analyze the victory of Mr. Lindsay. There were several causes in addition to Mr. Beame that contributed to that victory. The press, the Liberal Party, the Americans for Democratic Action, and Mr. John Lindsay himself thoroughly persuaded a large body of voters that he is the more profligate, the more bloc-indulgent, the more statist-minded—the "more liberal," to use Mr. Dubinsky's formulation—of the two major candidates. The same coalition persuaded the most easily terrified elements in New York City that a vote for Lindsay was a vote against concentration camps. I do not know what else Mr. Lindsay's victory proved, than that people do scare easily, and that New York is a very "liberal" community. Mr. Lindsay's energetic and costly effort to confirm these sociological and psychological truisms was a venture in redundancy.

What is significant of course is the crystallization of a vote of responsible protest. The Conservative Party greatly improved on the showing of the Liberal Party during recent years, and fully intends to exercise its influence in state politics. At the present rate of growth, the Conservative Party, which with meager resources and with total organizational inexperience drew more than 50 per cent as many votes as there are registered Republicans in New York City, will either grow into the second major party in New York State or—preferably—will use its influence successfully to rejuvenate the Republican Party. In the latter event, it will be possible in future elections to nominate Republicans whose victory will be understood as a victory for Republican principles, rather than as a victory for a man who, because he is younger, more energetic, and more beguiling, can increase the tempo at which the City heads towards the deadends of municipal liberalism — bankruptcy, politicalized education, subservience to Washington, anarchy in the streets, racial polarizations, and a general demoralization.

I do not doubt that in the days to come, the gratitude which I feel to the Conservative Party will be shared by the majority of all New Yorkers, for whom I deeply desire not only the best that Mr. Lindsay can conceivably offer them, but much more besides.

2. New York and the GOP

What happened in New York City on Election Day can hardly give comfort to the national Republican Party. The predictable efforts by stalwart Republicans to construe Mr. Lindsay's victory as a victory for the GOP will simply not bear analysis.

Mr. Lindsay did not win as a Republican. No one would stress this point more emphatically than Mr. Lindsay, who in the course of his campaign did everything he could to suppress his party affiliation. He did of course desire the Republican vote, and he voraciously consumed great draughts of Republican money: but he did not on any occasion advise the voters that the Republican Party was the party of liberation from Democratic politics. His literature omitted all mention of Republicanism. Rather it stressed his devoted allegiance to "the principles of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson." He won at the outset the support of New York's Liberal Party whose bosses, Mr. Dubinsky and Mr. Rose, have never flagged in their devotion to a hard, dogmatic Liberalism. He won the support of the Americans for Democratic Action. He won the support of the *New York Post*, the Peglerian voice of New York Liberalism. And he even won, incredible to recount, the editorial support of the *Nation* Magazine, which is the leftwardmost journal of general circulation in the United States.

What is remarkable, then, is not that Mr. Lindsay won a plurality of New York's voters, but that he did win a number—how many is as yet unknown; not inconceivably, less than 55 per cent—of New York's Republican voters. This may be explainable by simply observing that New York's Republicans, like so many other New Yorkers, desired a change, and that many of them did not believe that Mr. Beame could give them a change. It is, however, most unlikely that those few of them who believed they were voting for a New Face for the Republican Party will succeed in persuading Republicans outside New York's enclave of Liberalism that Mr. Lindsay's is the way to political victory for the Republican Party, let alone to philosophical vindication.

The Republican Party does not face a dilemma on account of Mr. Lindsay, but most definitely faces a dilemma which Mr. Lindsay's victory does not clarify. It is this: without the conservative wing of the Republican Party, the GOP is dead. Nominate a Lindsay for President, and Mr. Goldwater's showing would appear like the Golden Age of Republicanism. On the other hand, the GOP cannot nominate a hard conservative and win—not as things are presently constituted; not in the absence of either a) national catastrophe; or b) massive political reeducation. "Some day," Albert Jay Nock once wrote, "I should like to write an essay on the subject, How can one tell one is living in a Dark Age?" How in-

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deed? It may be that unless the Republican Party can find a political answer to that question, not only will it cease to exist other than as a pro forma opposition party rather like the little dissident parties in Mexico but it will be left without any truly useful national function to perform.

3. *Apropos 1964*

Professor Stanley Kelley Jr., chairman of the Politics Department of Princeton University, has published, in abbreviated form, a thoughtful analysis of the Republican campaign of 1964. The essay will appear in full this year in a Brookings Institution collection, *The National Election of 1964.* Its appearance marks the first appraisal of the Goldwater strategy that is free of those familiar, self-serving rationalizations we have come to expect from segments of both the Left and Right. Excerpts follow:

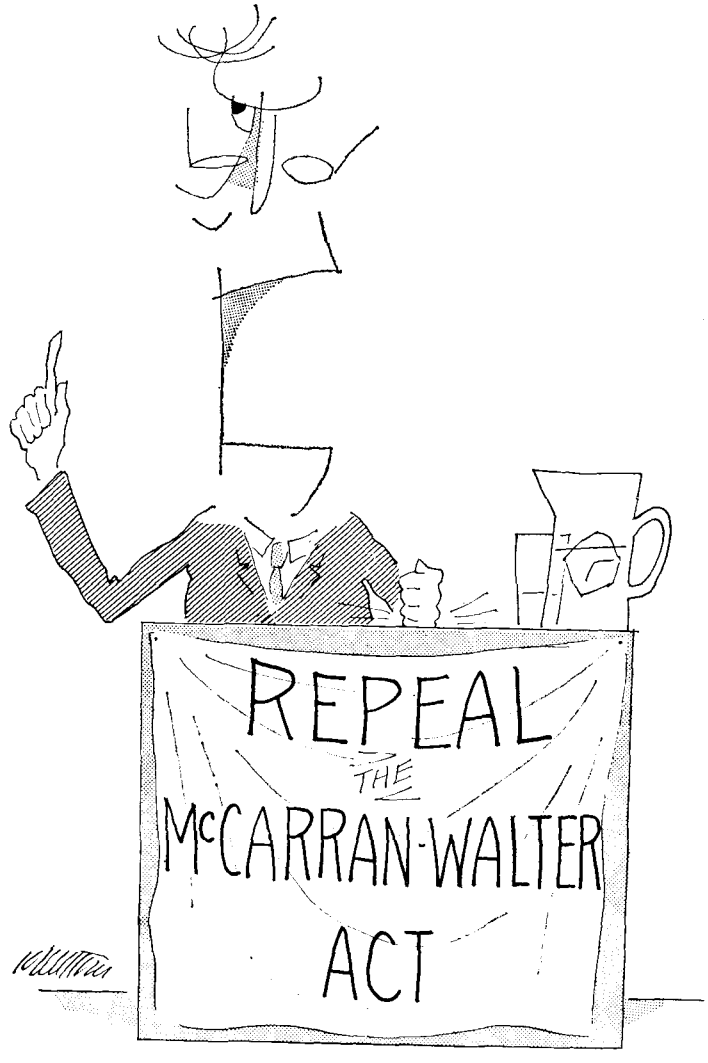
"The Republican Party is at a serious competitive disadvantage in Presidential races because it lacks manpower for the kind of registration and get-out-the-vote drives that can be mounted by the Democrats and their trade union allies. The Republican Party can greatly improve its grassroots organization if it offers potential party workers an ideological incentive, and, given the composition of the party's clientele, such an incentive must be conservative in character. An explicit conservative appeal designed to attract volunteer workers to the Republican standard need not hurt the party at the polls, since the votes that decide Presidential elections come mainly from persons indifferent to issues of public policy. . . .

"The Senator had to choose. His chances to win the votes of Northern Negroes were poor. Negroes could be expected to give a large percentage of their votes to Lyndon Johnson both because the President had sponsored the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and because he promised to continue and extend the federal welfare programs identified with the Democratic Party. Goldwater was in a better position to win the votes of Southern whites. Considerable numbers of them were conservative in their views on issues of economic and welfare policy, as well as segregationists. . . .

"Many observers have been quick to link, as cause and effect, the conservatism of Senator Goldwater's position on issues of public policy and the one-sidedness of the election's outcome. . .

"But of course the election returns, in and of themselves, proved very little—certainly not that *any* particular feature of Senator Goldwater's campaign was the cause of his overwhelming defeat. Senator Goldwater's attempt to offer voters 'a choice, not an echo' may have had the disastrous consequences commonly attributed to it, but it is by no means clear that it did. He was running against a popular incumbent President of the majority party at a time of relative peace and prosperity. He was a far from ideal standard-bearer for the conservative Republican cause—he had voiced too many extreme opinions before he ever began to campaign against President Johnson. His campaign was characterized by several unfortunate blunders. If these facts had anything to do with the one-sidedness of the election's outcome, Senator Goldwater's defeat cannot be properly attributed solely to his effort to present a conservative alternative to the policies of the Democratic Administration. Any responsible judgment as to just why Senator Goldwater lost so badly will require considerably more elaborate analyses of election returns and survey data than have been offered in the most highly publicized accounts of the 1964 campaign.

"The best evidence available, in fact, suggests that



"The argument that millions of immigrants capable of enriching our population might better stay home and enrich their own populations, thereby reducing the need for Foreign Aid, is frivolous and smacks of Fascism!"

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the broad issue of governmental responsibility raised by Senator Goldwater was 'not a major contributor to movements of the vote from normal party positions.' If this was indeed the case, then the strategy adopted by Senator Goldwater and his advisers may have helped to save the Republicans from a defeat more severe than that they actually sustained. Senator Goldwater's candidacy stimulated considerably more activity by Republicans at the grassroots level than was in evidence in 1960 and before; it is not unreasonable to relate this fact to the strength of his ideological appeal. The Senator carried five Southern states and ran strongly in the South generally. It seems unlikely that a moderate Republican would have done so well in that region, since there is no reason to believe that Governor Wallace would have abandoned his Presidential candidacy had the Republicans nominated a moderate. The Republican strategy, therefore, may have been a desperate one, but it was not an unreasonable response to the situation in which any Republican candidate would have found himself in 1964."

A Myth Dissolves

Ten years ago a myth was launched from the Indonesian mountain resort of Bandung on the credulous waves of World Opinion: the myth of "Afro-Asia"—or, as it was then less euphoniously known, "Asia-Africa." The chiefs of the twenty-nine new nations (could it have been so few so short a time ago?) of Asia, the Middle East, and Africa gathered verbosely together, with Sukarno as genial host and Chou En-lai as featured vedette, to issue, in the loftiest rhetoric, a series of pronouncements on their own historic destiny and on how mankind ought to behave. "Afro-Asia," thus born, became soon a "Third World," added to "the Communist World" and "the Free World," of Western commentators and experts, balance wheel between the two mighty Cold War antagonists. The Western treasuries poured their wealth into the Afro-Asian laps; the Western spokesmen at the UN trembled as they awaited the vote of "the Afro-Asian bloc." Even the Communist diplomats courted the Third World with the usual offerings of honeyed words, money, and arms. And the Third World grew like the green bay tree as one after another resounding African name was added to the accredited roster of nations.

What, then, more natural than that Afro-Asia should celebrate, before the eyes of mankind, its Glorious Tenth? So the Second Bandung was scheduled for June last, in Algiers, with the dynamic new Afro-Asian chief, Ben Bella, as the host this time. But alas, the week before the opening date Ben Bella vanished into a darkness from which he has not returned—whence, it seems likely, no man returns. So, with the host kaput, the celebration was . . . postponed, the world was told: postponed to November. Comes now November, and a new postponement till the ides of an unnamed month in an undated year.

What makes it impossible to produce a Second Bandung? The plain fact, merely, that Afro-Asia—the Third World—does not exist as an historical reality. It is and has been from the start a myth and myth only, sprung from the momentary euphoria of the men, for the most part in Asia, who had won the fruits of the first great wave of postwar liberation. The myth would never have had enough substance to be plausible had it not been for the existence of the UN, where the delegates of most of the new nations saw how advantageous a tactic it was to join together in votes of the General Assembly. "Afro-Asia" and "the Third World" have been in reality little more than a UN voting bloc.

The fragile fabric of the myth of Afro-Asia was slowly torn to shreds by the events of the years just past: by the Chinese-Indian war in the Himalayas; by sub-Saharan suspicion of the slave traders of the Arab North; by Nasser's invasion of Yemen and his squabbles with his Arab compeers; by Sukarno's resolve to Crush Malaysia, African resentment at Chinese infiltration, rivalries among the candidates for pan-African imperator, the India-Pakistan fighting over Kashmir, and the war for Southeast Asia. Once launched on their course as formally independent nations, such developments were inevitable expressions of differences of culture, interest, and circumstance. The realities are drab and often ugly by comparison with the bright colors of the myth. But in the long run there is no reason for either the new na-

COMING NEXT

Mammoth Tenth Anniversary Issue
including:
50,000-word condensation of
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THE AMERICAN DISSENT
Ten Years of National Review and
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●

A Picture Spread on
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tions or the older powers to regret the myth's dissolution. The Western governments, surely, have only to gain if they adjust their policies to the diverse specific realities of this new country and that one, rather than to the fantasy-universals of mythical Afro-Asia.

John Abbot Clark, RIP

After two months in a hospital, John Abbot Clark, Professor of English at Michigan State University, died on October 21. He was the best college teacher of literature this writer ever knew.

The whole of his time as instructor and professor, John Clark belonged to the faculty of Michigan State —thirty-seven years. Like many of the superior professors of the old order, he never became a doctor of philosophy. He published no books except an anthology of essays for freshman English classes, was reluctant to make public speeches, and was known beyond the limits of East Lansing chiefly through some thirty critical essays which, over the years, he published in weekly and quarterly journals; his memorable essay on the *New Yorker* was published in three parts in early issues of NATIONAL REVIEW. He never traveled, except to attend meetings of learned societies in New York or Chicago, though he made his summer pilgrimage, annually, back to his birthplace—Cameron, Missouri.

As a professor and a man, however, John Clark ranked very high. Though often he mumbled shyly to his classes, students (including this writer) learned more from his courses in critical writing and in the history of criticism than they got from everything else in their undergraduate years, or from graduate studies. He was tall, ambling, and shambling—but to the last a winner at tennis; at the University of Missouri, he had been an All-American football star. Humorous, wonderfully kind to everyone, and strong-principled in his self-effacing way, he had no enemies.

Swearing by Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, John Clark was a humanist in the old and true sense of that abused word. He never went to church, but knew the great Christian writers well, and lived a life most conformable to Sir Thomas Browne's *Christian Morals.*

His library was wonderful to behold, and perhaps most of his salary went to pay for [illegible]. The books so weighed down his little house in East Lansing that one hesitated to enter the cellar—also lined with books. Ivy forced its way through the siding and twined round the fireplace; John was too kindly to cut down this green invader. A family of raccoons subsisted on his bounty, and could be watched almost any night, feeding just outside the dining-room window.

Generous in grading as in all else, John Clark saw his classes become too popular for his own quietude. As little Michigan Agricultural College was inflated into Behemoth University (with the biggest body of undergraduates in the world), Professor Clark chafed under the fallacies and little tyrannies of the mass campus; but he could not bring himself to go elsewhere. Administrators took no notice of this great gentleman and scholar. His course in critical writing was taken away from him and transferred, years ago, to the department of journalism, where it was degraded into "book reviewing."

In this year's monstrous crop of new Ph.D.s, no second John Clark will be discovered. Lovable and wise, he was one of those few who really teach the rising generation that we are more than the flies of a summer.

R.K.

Notes and Asides

Our new circulation department, a professional outfit at Des Moines, Iowa which, professedly, is the best in the business, advises us that the cost of reminding our generous readers every year of the names of the persons to whom they gave gift subscriptions in the preceding year is unbearable. Unbearable because a) the cost of keeping the records, hunting them up, and sending the reminders is itself high; and because b) records show that many of our readers who give gift subscriptions come up each year with a fresh slate of friends, on the principle that if their last year's friends aren't willing to renew for themselves, to 'ell with them. This Christmas season we are therefore making interim arrangements. Anyone who writes in to ask: "Please remind me whom I gave gifts to last year" will be supplied with the names and addresses. But thereafter we shall not keep the records; and so respectfully request that if you intend to renew the subscriptions of your friends, you keep a record of your benefactions.

Two years ago we published a story about a condemned man in New Jersey—"Should Edgar Smith Be Executed?" by Donald Coxe. The article provoked considerable interest. Mr. Wm. Buckley has taken a fresh look at Edgar Smith who, miraculously, is still alive, although he will surely die this spring if his final appeal to the courts is unavailing. "The Approaching End of Edgar Smith" appears in *Esquire* Magazine, in the current issue, now on the newsstands. We call that article to the attention of those of our readers who were interested by Mr. Coxe's original article, and to others who might be interested in a fascinating and tragic story.

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The Third World War

The Dominican Prospect

JAMES BURNHAM

The October 25 issue of the American Security Council's excellent "Washington Report" summarizes the information given to U.S. Intelligence by a Dominican Captain who defected from the rebel army a few weeks ago. (He stated as reason: "I did not like what I saw happening. I am not a Communist, and I wanted to do what I could to warn you because I do not want my country to become another Cuba.")

Burnham

He confirmed from direct observation the accuracy of Pres. Johnson's assertion that the revolution had quickly "moved into the hands of a band of Communist conspirators." On May 2—nine days after the outbreak, by which time 14,000 U.S. troops had landed—he was present at a meeting of the leaders of the Communist parties: the pro-Castro June 14th Movement; pro-Peking Dominican Political Movement (MPD); pro-Moscow Dominican Communist Party (PCD). It was recognized that in face of the U.S. troops revolutionary operations would have to be suspended. It was agreed to support Col. Caamaño while he could still be used, to hold out in the city center for the best possible deal, and to prepare for subsequent stages.

Three guerrilla training schools were set up, where about 5,000 students were trained in guerrilla and terrorist tactics. The greater part of their arms—including mortars, bazookas and machine guns—were smuggled out and buried. The Captain reported that by August the rebel units in the city had been so stripped that they could have been liquidated with little trouble.

The Captain said also that the rebels made appointment of Manuel Joaquin Castillo (a June 14th collaborator) as Minister of the Interior a key condition of their acceptance of Garcia-Godoy as provisional President.

Plan of Operations

The Communist strategy envisages cutting the country in half by blowing up the main bridge on the Duarde highway and the bridges on the San José de Ocoa highway at the same time that the airfields are sabotaged, and the major power station (Salta de Jimenoa, in the mountains) either seized or destroyed. This will block movements of mechanized forces, and enable the revolutionists, they figure, to hold at least the northern half of the country—where they will be in easy reach of reinforcement from Cuba and sanctuary in the Haitian mountains. The first phase of the plan—bombings, terror and assassinations—is already proceeding. General attack is scheduled before the end of the year. Granted minimum success, they will demand Garcia-Godoy's replacement by Castillo, and count on a political course; if the U.S.-OAS reaction is powerful, they will mount a Vietcong type of action from the north, expecting support from Moscow, Hanoi and Peking as well as Havana.

It is difficult to evaluate a report of this kind—particularly such specifics as a purported time schedule—but it is in general consistent with information from other sources. In an address delivered in Portland, Senator Dodd has put the Dominican developments within their global strategic framework. He points out that the Communist operations in the Dominican Republic are not mere local disturbances, but part of a wider strategy that already has a consolidated base in Cuba, active fronts in Venezuela, Colombia and Peru, and ready advance units in Nicaragua, Panama and Brazil.

"It is frightening to think of what would happen if we were ever confronted with a hemispheric Vietnam, with guerrilla uprisings occurring simultaneously in Brazil and Venezuela and Colombia, and Panama and Nicaragua and Guatemala, and then spreading out to other countries. This prospect is neither a pipedream nor a nightmare. On the contrary, there are official pronouncements by Castro Cuba and by other Communist sources which make it clear that the Communists are even today organizing for the objective of a hemispheric Vietnam. In this plan, Castro Cuba plays the role of North Vietnam. And, as Castro's official newspaper, *Revolución*, has spelled out the next stage of Communist policy in Latin America, " 'Colombia and Venezuela form the nucleus of a vast South Vietnam of Latin America.' "

Reconciling the Irreconcilable

Senator Dodd shows also how Radio Havana systematically promotes and guides this strategy. He notes that the broadcasts from Havana by the American Negro renegade, Robert F. Williams, with their inflammatory provocation of the U.S. Negro community, are an integral part of the strategic whole. In the Communist conception, the Andes are "the Sierra Maestra of South America," and Andean bases have already been set up.

It may be remarked that the Southeast Asia-Latin America parallel extends also to Washington's responses. The failure of the West to defeat Ho Chi Minh in the postwar decade made inevitable the drive to extend "the revolution on the Mekong" to the rest of Southeast Asia. Our failure to stand firm in Laos made inevitable the stepped up Communist campaign for South Vietnam; and our failure, there, to carry the war to Ho's economic and military foundations makes it unlikely that our present action can do more than delay the revolution a bit. Similarly, our failure to deal with Castro made inevitable such crises as the Dominican Republic's. And our refusal in the Dominican Republic to face the fact that no Act of Reconciliation can reconcile the irreconcilable makes inevitable not only the storm that will soon break on that unhappy land but the further expansion of the hemispheric revolution.

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Harrison Bergeron

What happened when Harrison Bergeron escaped from the Handicapper General and decided that he, at least, was not going to be equal every which way

KURT VONNEGUT JR.

The year was 2081, and everybody was finally equal. They weren't only equal before God and the law, they were equal every which way. Nobody was smarter than anybody else; nobody was better looking than anybody else; nobody was stronger or quicker than anybody else. All this equality was due to the 211th, 212th, and 213th Amendments to the Constitution, and to the unceasing vigilance of agents of the United States Handicapper General.

Some things about living still weren't quite right, though. April, for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime. And it was in that clammy month that the H-G men took George and Hazel Bergeron's fourteen-year-old son, Harrison, away.

It was tragic, all right, but George and Hazel couldn't think about it very hard. Hazel had a perfectly average intelligence, which meant she couldn't think about anything except in short bursts. And George, while his intelligence was way above normal, had a little mental handicap radio in his ear—he was required by law to wear it at all times. It was tuned to a government transmitter, and every twenty seconds or so, the transmitter would send out some sharp noise to keep people like George from taking unfair advantage of their brains.

George and Hazel were watching television. There were tears on Hazel's cheeks, but she'd forgotten for the moment what they were about, as the ballerinas came to the end of a dance.

A buzzer sounded in George's head. His thoughts fled in panic, like bandits from a burglar alarm.

"That was a real pretty dance, that dance they just did," said Hazel.

"Huh?" said George.

"That dance—it was nice," said Hazel.

"Yup," said George. He tried to think a little about the ballerinas. They weren't really very good—no better than anybody else would have been, anyway. They were burdened with sashweights and bags of birdshot, and their faces were masked, so that no one, seeing a free and graceful gesture or a pretty face, would feel like something the cat dragged in. George was toying with the vague notion that maybe dancers shouldn't be handicapped. But he didn't get very far with it before another noise in his ear radio scattered his thought.

George winced. So did two out of the eight ballerinas.

Hazel saw him wince. Having no mental handicap herself, she had to ask George what the latest sound had been.

"Sounded like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a hammer," said George.

'I'd think it would be real interesting, hearing all the different sounds,' said Hazel, a little envious. "The things they think up."

"Um," said George.

"Only, if I was Handicapper General, you know what I would do?" said Hazel. Hazel, as a matter of fact, bore a strong resemblance to the Handicapper General, a woman named Diana Moon Glampers. "If I was Diana Moon Glampers," said Hazel, "I'd have chimes on Sunday—just chimes. Kind of in honor of religion."

"I could think, if it was just chimes," said George.

"Well—maybe make 'em real loud," said Hazel. "I think I'd make a good Handicapper General."

"Good as anybody else," said George.

"Who knows better'n I do what normal is?" said Hazel.

"Right," said George. He began to think glimmeringly about his abnormal son who was now in jail, about Harrison, but a twenty-one gun salute in his head stopped that.

"Boy!" said Hazel, 'that was a doozy, wasn't it?"

It was such a doozy that George was white and trembling, and tears stood on the rims of his red eyes. Two of the eight ballerinas had collapsed to the studio floor, were holding their temples.

"All of a sudden you look so tired," said Hazel. "Why don't you stretch out on the sofa, so's you can rest your handicap bag on the pillows, honeybunch." She was referring to the forty-seven pounds of birdshot in a canvas bag, which was padlocked around George's neck. "Go on and rest the bag for a while," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a while."

George weighed the bag with his hands. "I don't mind it," he said. "I don't notice it any more. It's just a part of me."

"You been so tired lately—kind of wore out," said Hazel. "If there was just some way we could make a little hole in the bottom of the bag, and just take out a few of them lead balls. Just a few."

"Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ball I took out," said George. "I don't call that a bargain."

"If you would just take a few out when you came home from work," said Hazel. "I mean—you don't compete with anybody around here. You just set around."

"If I tried to get away with it," said George, "then other people'd get away with it—and pretty soon we'd be right back to the dark ages again, with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that, would you?"

"I'd hate it," said Hazel.

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"There you are," said George. "The minute people start cheating on laws what do you think happens to society?"

If Hazel hadn't been able to come up with an answer to this question George couldn't have supplied one: a siren was going off in his head.

"Reckon it'd fall all apart," said Hazel.

"What would?" said George blankly.

"Society," said Hazel uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you just said?"

"Who knows?" said George.

The television program was suddenly interrupted for a news bulletin. It wasn't clear at first as to what the bulletin was about, since the announcer, like all announcers, had a serious speech impediment. For about half a minute, and in a state of high excitement, the announcer tried to say, "Ladies and gentlemen—"

He finally gave up, handed the bulletin to a ballerina to read.

"That's all right," Hazel said of the announcer, "he tried. That's the big thing. He tried to do the best he could with what God gave him. He should get a nice raise for trying so hard."

"Ladies and gentlemen—" said the ballerina, reading the bulletin. She must have been extraordinarily beautiful, because the mask she wore was hideous. And it was easy to see that she was the strongest and most graceful of all the dancers, for her handicap bags were as big as those worn by two-hundred-pound men.

And she had to apologize at once for her voice, which was a very unfair voice for a woman to use. Her voice was a warm, luminous, timeless melody. "Excuse me—" she said, and she began again, making her voice absolutely uncompetitive.

"Harrison Bergeron, age fourteen," she said in a grackle squawk, "has just escaped from jail, where he was held on suspicion of plotting to overthrow the government. He is a genius and an athlete, is underhandicapped, and is extremely dangerous."

A police photograph of Harrison Bergeron was flashed on the screen—upside down, then sideways, upside down again, then right-side-up. The picture showed the full length of Harrison against a background calibrated in feet and inches. He was exactly seven feet tall.

The rest of Harrison's appearance was Hallowe'en and hardware. Nobody had ever borne heavier handicaps. He had outgrown hindrances faster than the H-G men could think them up. Instead of a little ear radio for a mental handicap, he wore a tremendous pair of earphones, and spectacles with thick, wavy lenses besides. The spectacles were intended not only to make him half-blind, but to give him whanging headaches besides.

Scrap metal was hung all over him. Ordinarily, there was a certain symmetry, a military neatness to the handicaps issued to strong people, but Harrison looked like a walking junkyard. In the race of life, Harrison carried three hundred pounds.

And to offset his good looks, the H-G men required that he wear at all times a red rubber ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his even white teeth with black caps at snaggle-tooth random.

"If you see this boy," said the ballerina, "do not—I repeat, do not—try to reason with him."

There was a shriek of a door being torn from its hinges.

Screams and barking cries of consternation came from the television set. The photograph of Harrison Bergeron on the screen jumped again and again, as though dancing to the tune of an earthquake.

George Bergeron correctly identified the earthquake, and well he might have—for many was the time his own home had danced to the same crashing tune. "My God!" said George. "That must be Harrison!"

The realization was blasted from his mind instantly by the sound of an automobile collision in his head.

When George could open his eyes again, the photograph of Harrison was gone. A living, breathing Harrison filled the screen.

Clanking, clownish, and huge, Harrison stood in the center of the studio. The knob of the uprooted studio door was still in his hand. Ballerinas, technicians, musicians and announcers cowered on their knees before him, expecting to die.

"I am the Emperor!" cried Harrison. "Do you hear? I am the Emperor! Everybody must do what I say at once!" He stamped his foot and the studio shook.

"Even as I stand here," he bellowed, "crippled, hobbled, sickened—

(Continued on p. 1041)

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The Intellectual Climate and Christian Belief

Ecumenicism, says the author, may be less a victory of love over self-righteousness than a triumph of fatigue and indifference over concern for truth

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

"Can a truly contemporary person not be an atheist?" asks a witty British bishop in a recent booklet. There is a whole school of "theologians" who seem intent on proving that one can be a Christian without actually believing anything, or that contrariwise, anyone who has in any sense at all any spark of decency in him is, whether he likes it or not, a Christian. A number of self-respecting atheists have protested against this twentieth-century variety of forcible baptism, which will not allow them the right not to be Christians. Clerical alarmists to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not necessary to give up Christian faith because of the electric light. Nevertheless, the bishop's question still has a point. It *is* hard for a contemporary person not to be an atheist. The "new theologians" claim that the goal of all their radical reinterpretation is to make the Christian message meaningful to modern man. The sad fact is that even if the "new theology" were the old Christian message in modern dress (which it isn't), it is still not meaningful to "modern man." In fact, the chief appeal of the "new theology" is not to non-Christians, but to restless churchmen. The "new theology" is no more successful in cracking the indifference of the merely nominal Christian or the unbeliever than the "new theologians" will admit the Old-Fashioned Revival Hour to be. We should recognize that these would-be evangelists in a new mood are unsuccessful. But we must also face the fact that just as the radicals charge, the older, orthodox theologies really are failing to communicate.

Thus, even when devout Christian parents send their children to Sunday School or to a church-related school, there is a striking lack of success in teaching them Christian doctrine or ethics. The reason behind this widespread inability is not entirely the fault of the parents. It lies rather in the total *intellectual climate* into which the younger generation is born. (And this "younger generation" includes people now nearing fifty, because this intellectual climate has already been with us for several decades.)

Whether the United States could ever have been properly called a Christian nation is debatable, but one thing is certain: there was a time when the prevailing cultural climate in America was saturated with Christian concepts and values. To become a "real Christian" seventy-five years ago meant only to take seriously the values and doctrines with which the community was generally familiar and to which it was giving nodding, if not necessarily sincere, assent. Today the intellectual climate in America is strongly anti-Christian; the twentieth-century American baby, even of church-going parents, is born not with a silver spoon but with a full-blown, militantly secular world view in his mouth. To the extent that the Christian fails to understand this, he will be unable to understand either what is behind the "new theologies," or why he has so much difficulty getting anyone, even his own children, to take his Christian beliefs seriously.

Theism vs. Materialism

The mid-twentieth-century intellectual climate is virtually all-pervasive, and there are only two ways for serious religious conviction to survive in it. One is by completely isolating oneself from it. This may safeguard the individual's own faith, but it will absolutely destroy all chance of communication with the uncommitted—including his own children. The other way is by recognizing this climate for what it is, noting the totality of the challenge it makes to the Christian world view, and launching a major intellectual counter-offensive against it.

The climate is characterized by four closely related features: (1) a commitment to secular materialism; (2) a rejection of rationality and the concept that the universe ought to make sense; (3) relativism in moral judgments and in practical actions; (4) syncretism in religion and synthesis in philosophy.

(1) *Secular Materialism.* The late German theologian Karl Heim asserted that all world views ultimately reduce to one of two alternatives: personal theism or secular materialism. Personal theism is the view that an omnipotent God exists and that He has personal attributes, such as knowledge, will, purpose, love, and even wrath. Secular materialism involves the conviction, or at least the operating assumption, that there is no God, that the temporal horizon is all that there is, or at least all that man ever needs to consider. Many men who today bear the title of theologians are in fact such secular materialists. Some of them go so far as to deny the meaningful existence of a personal God and to claim that this denial is God's will. The secular materialist operates on the fundamental assumption that this present, evident, temporal world is all that matters. This is a fundamental philosophical bias, which permeates every aspect of modern life just as thoroughly as nominal Christianity may have once done.

This basically materialist outlook is not, as many Christians blandly take it to be, a neutral position, on top of which one can safely build a super-

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structure of Christian faith. It rather involves a *religious* commitment (*religious* in the sense that it goes beyond what can be verified) that is directly antagonistic to Christianity. This unrecognized religious commitment is the reason why so few Roman Catholic and orthodox Protestant teachers in public schools are able to counteract the materialistic bias of certain textbooks on biology. They can attack details of the presentation and criticize the conclusions of naturalistic evolution where they sense a serious conflict with the Christian view of man. Generally, however, they fail to recognize that the whole scheme, worked out in entire indifference to God, is a basic assault upon faith in him. (This is not to say that no Christian view of evolution is possible. In fact, however, almost every biology text currently used in American public schools puts forward views which reflect a commitment to the materialist position. No ordinary high school teacher can render them innocuous to Christian faith merely by correcting certain details.) The teen-ager or young adult who has been trained in a thought world which is basically materialist but who does not recognize this is hardly ever open to any kind of mature Christianity. If he tries to accept Christian teaching in general without examining his materialistic presuppositions, he inevitably sets up conflicts which will be difficult to resolve. The only way to break out of this intellectual vise is to recognize that faith in a personal God will inevitably conflict with modern secular culture; in fact, one might almost say that that is the whole point of faith—to show man that the secular culture which claims to be everything is simply and dangerously wrong in this claim.

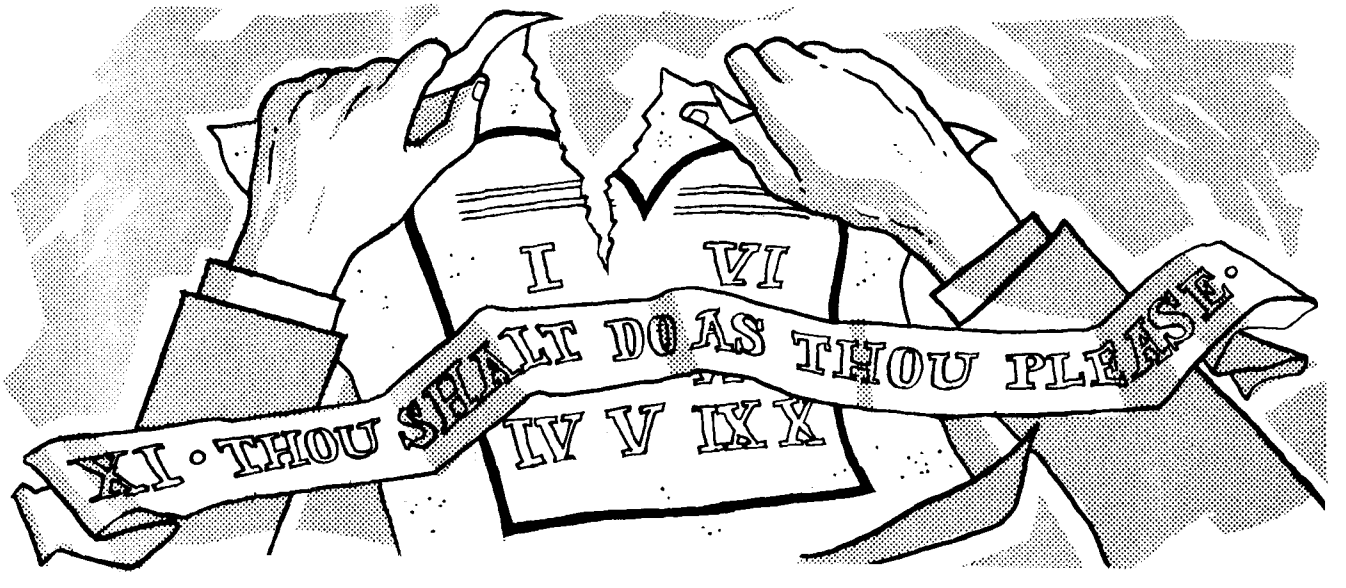
(2) *Rejection of Rationality.* There was a time in European history when rationalism was the enemy of Christian faith. In the nineteenth century the Romantic movement often defended the church or Christianity against the attacks of the rationalists by pointing to the limits of reason. Today, however, the tables are turned. *Avant-garde* seminaries attack orthodox Christianity on the grounds that it is too rationalistic. The familiar proofs of the existence of God are not challenged on rational grounds, as though they were logically unsound, but are simply rejected out of hand as irrelevant and uninteresting.

Christianity Prizes Reason

It is of course true that historic Christianity has always appealed to an authority (God) and to a source of knowledge (revelation) which transcend reason, but it has never denied or disregarded reason. Traditional Christian preaching and teaching has always appealed to a man to use his reason. The Gospel of St. John opens, "In the beginning was the Word." It is no mere accident that this expression "Word" (Greek, Logos) has so many associations with concepts like logic, knowledge, reason, clarity, and understanding. Even vehement St. Paul wrote, "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."—I Cor. 15:14. This is far more reasonable than the "modern" contention that we should continue to be believing Christians regardless of whether Christ actually rose from the dead!

The traditional, biblical Christian believes that the universe makes sense. It was created on purpose, not by accident, by an all-wise God, and therefore it has purpose and meaning. We may not be able to understand them completely — and Christianity has always admitted that we cannot — but we have definite points of contact with them. The universe does not appear absurd to the Christian. For the Christian, who believes in an intelligent Creator, to find the universe meaningful is reasonable; for the atheist existentialist, who denies such an intelligent God, to find it absurd is also reasonable. The really unreasonable man is the modern would-be defender of the faith who insists that the universe has a meaning, love, regardless of whether or not God is really there. This is neither Christian nor reasonable.

Eighteenth-century thinkers made a serious mistake when they assumed that the universe would readily disclose all its secrets to reasoning human inquiry. The mid-twentieth century makes an even greater one when it gives up all hope of finding meaning in it and is almost proud of its inability to find answers. To be too confident in human reason is pride, a truly human fault; to discard human



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reason is to cast away claim to humanity. Those great Christian systematicians Thomas Aquinas and John Calvin both proclaimed the superiority of revelation over reason, yet both were superb logicians. Many of their modern heirs today assert man's "maturity" by throwing revelation out and then showing that at the same time they have thrown out, or lost, their reason as well.

The young adult who has grown up in the modern intellectual climate finds it hard to understand, much less to appreciate, Calvin, Aquinas, or any other great Christian thinker, because he has inherited a fundamental prejudice against the ability of reason to deal with basic issues. And while reason is not the Christian's *God,* it very definitely is his *tool;* without it Christianity cannot be communicated. Karl Heim thinks that this willingness to downgrade reason, i.e. not to expect the universe to make sense, is a necessary byproduct of the materialist world view, because the exercise of reason demands a confidence in the existence of an ultimate Mind to support ultimate meaning. Whether or not increasing irrationality is the necessary consequence of materialism, it definitely is a basic feature of the contemporary intellectual climate.

(3) *Relativism.* Both in principle and in practice, relativism is a third feature of our modern scene. Theistic ethics looked to an absolutely good God Whose will determined whether individual choices were good or bad. The modern world has lost this vision of God and is left only with relativism. Nothing can be good in itself, only better or worse by comparison with some alternative. This might appear to involve more use of reason to discriminate between relative goods than does the Christian idea of merely consulting God's verdict. But it really means that reason is given the opportunity only to *discriminate* and not to *decide,* for nothing can really be labeled good or bad.

Many dangers arise when a man assumes that he can make binding and correct moral judgments. Anyone who claims to act on the basis of absolute, God-given moral principles should admit that he may misunderstand them, or misapply them. (The Christian knows from experience that he may even deliberately turn away from them, not because he does not know what is right, but because he prefers to choose what is wrong, in other words, to sin.) Nevertheless, to let the possibility of human error rule out the existence of final values and to replace them with relativism is fundamentally to give up morality and to replace it with the principle, *chacun à son goût.* At the present time in the United States, racial discrimination is about the only remaining example of a moral evil which can arouse moral indignation. The great enthusiasm which can be stirred up among young people for racial justice shows that they still have a residual affinity for moral values. But whether a sensitive conscience on racial justice can long exist when the conscience has been deadened to issues of sexual, political, and business morality is open to question.

Relativistic ethics may function reasonably well for a time, particularly when the standards for evaluating the possible choices are inherited from the older tradition of divinely given values. But in time relativistic ethics will result in the merciless "expediency" practiced by the Nazis in regard to the Jews, by the United States at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and which we now attribute to Mao Tse-tung. In another dimension, relativistic ethics prevail in many American circles when we selectively condemn the Nazis' atrocities against the Jews, our own use of the atomic bomb, and South Africa's racial policies, while remaining quiet about Soviet atrocities in the Baltic countries, mass deportations in Eastern Europe, or the genocide of the Bahuto in East Africa.

Synthesize the Irreconcilable?

(4) *Syncretism in religion and synthesis in philosophy.* Philosophy really gave up its search for final truth when Hegel introduced his dialectic. We now have the idea that truth is not to be found in discriminating between opposed alternatives, but in *synthesizing* them, even if they are logically irreconcilable. The view that change means progress—in fact the very concept of evolutionary progress itself—is less the product of evidence than a philosophical prejudice. In the religious field this produces a strange syncretism. However wrong Protestant-Catholic polemics were, their very vehemence presupposed the reality of a God and a faith worth fighting for; too much ecumenism today is not the victory of love and humility over self-righteous zeal, but the triumph of fatigue and indifference over concern for truth.

A frequently-observed fact among Protestant denominations is that diminishing faith is often accompanied by increasing interest in liturgy and form. (This is not to criticize a genuine and legitimate interest in the liturgy among those who really believe. Unfortunately much liturgical piety today, like much so-called Christian social action, is not the product of faith but a substitute for it.) Joint worship among Protestants and Catholics is difficult but theoretically possible; between Christians and Jews it is considerably more problematic for both parties, although not absurd. But now we are beginning to see "joint worship" involving Christians who believe in a personal God and a conscious life after death, and Buddhists who believe in neither. This worship is form without content, and is just as much a part of the modern climate as is the conduct of those churchmen who recite the Nicene Creed in the liturgy and disown it in their sermons. This is not so much conscious or deliberate dishonesty as it is a lack of concern with truth, the feeling that truth really is irrelevant. Dr. Eric Mascall has shown that Bishop John Robinson's theology, when subjected to patient analysis, simply does not make sense. But this seems to bother neither the bishop nor his admirers, whose implicit attitude is, "Why should it have to make sense?" Why indeed? Certainly it doesn't in our current intellectual climate.

Today's young adults have soaked up these prejudices with their mother's milk, prejudices which pose as the product of scientific objectivity, but which are in reality partisan positions. They cannot be reconciled with Christian faith because they run counter to (1) the reality of a personal God, (2) order and purpose in the universe, (3) absolute moral values, and (4) the possibility of valid religious teaching. Some people inconsistently maintain a commitment to Christianity while immersed in a

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basically non-Christian world view. But this demands an intellectual schizophrenia which is bad for one's mental and spiritual health and which certainly does not commend faith to the uncommitted.

Conflict Cannot Be Evaded

The concerned Christian, whatever his denomination, must first recognize this problem. Then he must try to do something about it. First he must see that the conflict between Christianity and modern prejudices is not the fault of intellectual backwardness among Christians, even though many of us are intellectually backward, but it is much more basic: a clash in fundamental positions. Second, he must recognize that much of what passes for scientific objectivity is a materialist conviction which has staked everything on the nonexistence of a personal God (often more wholeheartedly than the Christian stakes *his* all on God's reality), and which thus *must* oppose the Christian world view at every turn. Third, he must recognize that the conflict cannot be evaded, because both Christianity and secular materialism make *total* demands. One cannot be a Christian without really believing: his actions will belie his profession. On the other hand, one cannot be a well-adjusted materialist if he harbors the lingering suspicion that the God whom he has chosen to ignore may be real after all. Relativism not only affects personal conduct, but also social attitudes—patriotism, civic courage, humanitarian sentiment, and all the rest. The conflict is inescapable, and neutrality here is no more possible and no safer than it is for a Vietnamese peasant between the Vietcong and the U. S. Air Force. Fourth, he should recognize that it is an unequal struggle: "Fear not," Elisha told his servant, "for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."—II Kings 6:16. The person who recognizes the struggle and chooses to decide against materialism, irrationality, relativism, and syncretism may have the spirit of the age against him, but in the last analysis the temper of eternity is for him. If the Christian is right, he wins all, as Pascal remarked—if he is wrong, he loses only a little, the right to a licentious life. If the materialist is right, he only wins at most a life which Plato called an exercise in dying and which contemporary philosophy finds absurd; if wrong, he has sacrificed his highest good to gain only a few years of license. But the Christian does not need to content himself with Pascal's wager. The personal God of Christian faith, according to countless testimonies through the ages, makes Himself known to His worshipers—even today, if they can break through the encrusted prejudice of the modern intellectual climate and not prejudge Him to be irrelevant, but seek Him with an open mind and a serious purpose. The real challenge to the Christian today is not to "break the mould" of irrelevant traditional piety (although this too may be desirable) but to smash the iron grip of contemporary intellectual prejudices, and clear a way for a real consideration of the Christian alternative.

Epilogue to A Teach-in

When the situation's crucial
And we don't know what to do, shall
We negotiate, conciliate, or fight?

If they're stoning our legations
And they spurn negotiations,
Should we bribe them? Should we bomb them? What is right?

Should guerrillas come attacking,
Is it wiser to go backing
Off somewhere, or blow them all to smithereens?

Should we spring to the offensive,
Or be shy and apprehensive—
Send in food, or a division of Marines?

These are quite perplexing questions;
I am glad to hear suggestions;
And meanwhile, I do all I can to stall,

And my only observation
On this touchy situation
Is: The safest policy is none at all.

JOHN MORRESSY

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Letter from London

The Crooked Road of Harold Wilson

COLM BROGAN

When Harold Wilson at last finds his squalid place in the history books, he will go down as the man who did more to debase the standards of British public life than any other prime minister of the present century or the last.

There are some who will claim that bad eminence for Lloyd George, but although Lloyd George had political vices as gross as a mountain, he still stood for something and, at least in his earlier years, he was not afraid to face public clamor.

People knew where he stood. Not so with Harold Wilson. He became leader of the Labor Party largely because of his skill in mystification. Was he center, left of center, or far left of center? Was it even possible that responsibility would edge him a little to the right? At one time he was considered to be a Bevanite, and his resignation from the Attlee government when Bevan himself resigned appeared to confirm that view. But shortly afterwards he stepped into a vacancy in the Parliamentary Executive Committee. Consistency demanded (and Bevan expected) that he should refuse the place, but Wilson was not the man to put consistency before career.

When Hugh Gaitskell followed Attlee as leader of the party, he found himself with two fierce struggles on his hands. He tried to get Clause Four out of the party's constitution. This was the clause that committed the party to 100 per cent public ownership. The party fundamentalists were outraged and Gaitskell was forced to settle for a compromise. On the issue of unilateral nuclear disarmament, he was defeated at one annual conference, but managed to reverse the vote at the next. Wilson was no friend of Gaitskell on either issue and at one time stood against him for the party leadership.

It was this that enabled him to win the contest for leadership when Gaitskell died. The Left voted for him, expecting that once he had secured the leadership there would be an end to Gaitskell's ambiguity. He won admiration from all sections of the party by his skill in parliamentary in-fighting. The Tories called it dirty fighting, but to the faithful no punch aimed at the Tories could be considered as being below the belt if it landed anywhere above the ankle.

Idealism Tempered

When he led his party in the last election, he was committed to abolishing the British independent nuclear deterrent, on the grounds that it was neither nuclear nor a deterrent. On colored immigration, the whole party had backed him. Their opposition to the Tory Immigration Bill had been absolute. Any restriction would strike a deadly blow at the whole concept of the multiracial Commonwealth. But the ideologues discovered that color prejudice was fiercer among Labor supporters than among any other group. So, admitting that pure idealism was not possible, the party committed itself to some form of control, with the agreement of the Commonwealth countries concerned. Wilson promised the electorate a great many bonuses, with no increase in taxes. He also promised a ruthlessly dynamic government that would spare no feelings and compromise with no interests.

The result was extraordinary. The Tories had been in power continuously for thirteen years. The ministers were jaded. They had run out of ideas and of steam. The party had been racked by the Profumo scandal, depressed by a string of disastrous by-election results, scandalized by the fierce struggle for leadership after Macmillan's resignation, shaken by the farce of Macmillan's Summit meeting and de Gaulle's rebuff over the Common Market, and haunted by a more general unease. The Tories had undoubtedly brought prosperity to the country, but prosperity had been accompanied by an apparent increase in materialism and selfishness. There were many Tories, including some very high-up in the party, who privately hoped for defeat. They did not look forward to a Socialist administration, but they believed that the Tories badly needed a spell out of office, to recharge their batteries and refind their souls.

In fact, though the Socialists snatched office by an over-all majority of five, their share of the popular vote actually *went down*. Many Tories regarded the result as satisfactory and they greeted the new government with a remarkable degree of good will. They felt it was only fair to let the new men have a run for their money, confident that with such a narrow majority, soon reduced to three, they could do no permanent harm.

They were wrong. Harold Wilson in 10 Downing Street was permanent harm in himself. Within a matter of weeks, almost every election promise was scattered to the winds. Wilson and his colleagues justified their political welshing on the plea of cruel necessity. They had been staggered, thunderstruck, and dumbfounded to discover the enormous deficit that the Tories had left behind. With aching hearts, but stern resolution, they had had to postpone the New Jerusalem until the Tory ruin had been repaired.

James Callaghan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, slapped a 15 per cent surcharge on all imports, dishonoring fifteen commercial treaties at one stroke. He did this without warning or consultation (though the U.S.A., with no treaty, was given three days' notice) and said with simple chauvinistic sincerity that he didn't think anyone would want to be spiteful about it. In fact, the damage done to the British good name was immeasurable and will take many years of straight dealing to repair.

Wilson Knew of Deficit

But the story that Wilson was utterly taken aback to discover the state of the national finances was a piece of remarkable effrontery. As he himself said in a television interview, foreign bankers had known all about the deficit. Why did he not

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know himself? He did. Ten days *after* he came to power he authorized a Command Paper which said that there was no need to take unusual measures to protect the pound from foreign pressure. Foreign mistrust was entirely of its own creation.

But this entirely dishonest excuse rendered him a most valuable service. After long years of attacking the Tory stop-go policy, he imposed the severest credit squeeze yet known, and managed to cast the blame for it on the sins of the Tories. Just before the election, Wilson had told the TUC (Trade Union Council) that a nation in pawn could not possibly hope to have an independent foreign or defense policy. After the election, he pawned the country for one billion pounds and later for another large sum which remains coyly undisclosed.

This might be shrugged off as the tactics of an unfastidious politician playing without scruple on the ignorance and bigotry of his supporters, but it is the least of the charges against Wilson. A prime minister has a double duty in his relations with his colleagues. He must stand by the ministers he does not choose to dismiss and he must insist that his ministers stand by him. Wilson has done neither. When an increase in Old Age Pensions was voted, it was explained that the increase could not be paid for a good many months because of administrative difficulties. Nobody believed this, and the delay was unfavorably contrasted to the instant implementation of the increase in the MP's own salaries. The general public put the blame on Margaret Herbison, Minister of Pensions. Maggie Herbison is personally the most popular woman in the Labor Party, and her admirers were grieved to think that she had surrendered so weakly and so soon to her obstructive civil servants. Wilson was happy to see her take the blame, and it was left to George Brown, who is both honest and chivalrous, to clear her name. It was he who announced that Margaret Herbison had produced an ingenious scheme for early payment, and that it was he and Callaghan who had vetoed it, simply because the money wasn't there.

Wilson then proceeded to pull the rug from under Brown himself. The Labor Party was totally committed to outright steel nationalization, and the Left took that as the touchstone of the new government's honesty. A White Paper making a general declaration of nationalizing intent was drawn up, but two Labor MPs, Desmond Donnelly and Woodrow Wyatt, said they could not vote for a 100 per cent takeover. George Brown acted as honest broker, and managed to persuade the two rebels that there would be room for their objections to be considered when the time came for drawing up the bill. With this assurance or, at least, a very broad hint, the sheep were brought back to the fold. Almost immediately it became clear that the assurances meant nothing whatever. Wyatt and Donnelly had been taken for a ride.

Of all men it was William Warbey who threw down the challenge at a meeting of the Labor Parliamentary Party. Warbey is so far to the left that even the Left runs from him, but he did bell the cat. He said it was obvious that Wyatt and Donnelly had been deceived by George Brown, but nobody suggested that George Brown had deceived them deliberately. Somebody had obviously deceived Brown himself. Would Mr. Wilson care to explain? Mr. Wilson did not care.

Campaign Promises Dishonored

When Wilson formed his government, it was counted as high testimony to his cunning that he had robbed the potentially rebellious Left of its leadership by including its leaders in the Cabinet. The most important of these was Frank Cousins, boss of the largest trade union in the country. Cousins was not only a most prominent nuclear disarmer, bearing his witness on the Aldermaston March. He had also said repeatedly that he would never tolerate any government interference in wage negotiations.

This was the man Wilson made Minister of Technology, with over-all responsibility for all nuclear projects, including the military. Frank Cousins seems to have felt no incongruity in being the unilaterist minister for nuclear armament. When his own trade union, the Transport and General Workers Union, voted against major government policies at their annual conference, Cousins, who was committed as a minister to these policies, sent a message of congratulation. At the Labor Party conference, Cousins planted himself among his union's delegates and ostentatiously refused to join in with the other government members in applauding George Brown's appeal for a wages policy. I can remember no more outrageous an expression of silent dissent since the Gaekwar of Baroda "cut" George V at the durbar.

Decency, pride, and the whole principle of collective responsibility demanded that Cousins be fired without delay. Instead of that, Wilson is reliably reported to be intent on promoting him. There is no space to deal with the rest of Wilson's unprincipled and ignominious acts. It is more important to ask how he has got away with it all. In his government there are ministers who have campaigned all their lives for absolute racial equality. The government's White Paper on colored immigration is such a squalid piece of hypocrisy that if it were dropped on the pavement, careful men would walk round it to avoid getting filth on their shoes. The Unilaterists in the government have accepted the violation of their principles. More orthodox MPs have swallowed the almost total dishonoring of electoral pledges. Honest men have watched Wilson playing both ends of the table over Vietnam and said nothing, at least in public.

The left-wing weekly, *Tribune*, is filled with ferocious attacks on Wilson's various betrayals, but even Michael Foot, the moving spirit of *Tribune*, has never cast a vote against Wilson in Parliament. The explanation is simple. Every section of the party is dead scared of casting a vote that might bring the government down. If Wilson had a large majority, there would be rebellions on all fronts. The rebels would be ready to rock the boat. But with the present almost invisible majority, rocking the boat would mean sinking it.

If he has done nothing else, Wilson has added a gloss to Acton. In the present context, it is not absolute but precarious power that corrupts absolutely.

But yet another gloss is needed. It is precarious power, plus Harold Wilson, that corrupts absolutely.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A Practical Means to Educational Freedom and Diversity

Congress has passed a grandiose bill for subsidies to universities and colleges; its cost will be $841,000,000, twice what President Johnson asked. It assists colleges by bricks-and-mortar money (not touching their much greater expenses for salaries and general administrative costs). It assists students by massive scholarships and loans which will enable practically anyone to attend college — regardless of aptitude or diligence. It appropriates large sums for "teacher training" — mostly educationist boondoggle.

Kirk

But this scheme, costly though it is, will not substantially help remedy the financial distress of nearly all our institutions of higher learning. As Mr. Roger Freeman points out in his new book, *Crisis in College Finance? Time for New Solutions* (Institute for Social Science Research, 1200 17th Street, Washington, D.C., $5.00), our universities will require $7 to $11 billion more, in this decade, to provide for swelling enrollments.

Is there no alternative to gigantic grants from the federal treasury, with the virtual certainty of central governmental direction of higher education? Mr. Freeman and other scholars in this field recommend various forms of relief from federal income tax—which would get the necessary money into our colleges without filtering it through the Washington bureaucracy.

Private College Moribund?

Not only do direct subsidies from the Federal Government endanger academic freedom and diversity generally, but they favor, almost inevitably, state universities and land-grant colleges, and other tax-supported institutions, to the detriment of private colleges and universities. As late as 1950, half of American collegians were enrolled in private institutions; today, only one-third of our college students go to private foundations; by 1980 or sooner, as things are sliding, 80 per cent of all students will be in state-supported institutions.

The Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges, along with some other people who expect to benefit by this destruction of educational variety, delights in such a prospect; but not so the men who direct our private colleges, distinctly an important part of American culture. Dr. David McKenna, president of Spring Arbor College, in Michigan, suggests that we are moving toward a "national system of higher education," in which "education for moral and spiritual values will become even more perplexing and difficult." Dr. Louis Benezet is still more disheartened: "We may expect to see the monumental construction of state university metropolises on the one hand and on the other the disappearance of most of the private colleges—perhaps in a state junior college system, or possibly into mental hospitals, another growing public need."

'Tax Credit' for Donors

Now how can the public be induced to contribute more heavily to college deficits—those of both state and private colleges? By tax relief, and particularly "tax credits"—that is, not simply allowing a deduction from net taxable income, as the internal revenue code already permits, but rather subtracting the amount of a donation to a college (or the cost of supporting a dependent in college) from the actual amount of income tax which otherwise a taxpayer would pay in full to the Internal Revenue Service.

Dr. John Howard, president of Rockford College, advocates a plan by which any taxpayer could donate as much as $100 to the college of his choice, as a tax credit. This, he argues convincingly, would be more efficient than federal subsidies and would not endanger academic independence.

A more widely-supported proposal, presented in a bewildering variety of forms (all carefully analyzed in Mr. Freeman's book), is that the parents of college students should be allowed a tax credit amounting to some part, or perhaps the whole, of the cost of keeping their offspring in the Grove of Academe. This would provide the money which our institutions will need, and would considerably help state-supported colleges, too, since presumably "public" universities and colleges would then increase their tuition-fees to the level, more or less, of fees at private colleges—thus putting the competitors on an even footing.

Optimism Justified

Is there any chance of saving our private colleges, and helping our tax-supported institutions, by such legislation? Surprising to say, the chance is very good indeed, given some demonstration of public interest in the matter. Senator Ribicoff's bill to allow a tax credit very nearly passed early last year, and would have been adopted by Congress but for the energetic intervention of President Johnson (who at that time opposed the tax credit because it might disturb his budget, though he simultaneously advocated reduction of income tax and gigantic subsidies for education at every level). The Ribicoff bill lost by only three votes—and those the votes of senatorial co-sponsors of this measure, bullied by the Administration, at the last minute, into opposing their own plan! Other ardent advocates of such a policy are Vice President Humphrey and Mr. Barry Goldwater. In the Senate, the only very eminent opponents are Senators Morse and Mansfield.

If nothing of the sort is done, we shall see the vast majority of our independent colleges extinguished by tax-supported Behemoth University; and Behemoth University itself subservient to Washington. There is no reason why Congress, in next year's session, should not act intelligently to save us from such mischief.

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The Mature (i. e. Liberal) JFK

VICTOR LASKY

During the 1960 Presidential campaign, the Kennedy forces had at their disposal a "Nixopedia" which, according to the late President's factotum, Theodore C. Sorensen, was "a somewhat unwieldy collection of everything Nixon had said and how he had voted on every subject, supplemented daily during the campaign by notations on glaring inconsistencies between his past and present, or North and South speeches." The "Nixopedia" was put to good use during the campaign. Four years later, the Democrats had a field day exhuming ancient—and embarrassing—quotes attributed to Barry Goldwater. Because the Republican nominee had changed his mind over the years on some issue or other was obviously a sign of opportunism or, at worst, instability, according to the Democrats.

But not with John F. Kennedy. When JFK changed his mind on some issue or other, according to Mr. Sorensen in his new book *Kennedy*, it was a sign of growth and maturity. "The fact that Lasky and other critics could discover inconsistencies between his congressional, senatorial, and Presidential positions did not surprise or dismay Kennedy. 'We all learn,' he observed in 1960, 'from the time you are born to the time you die . . . Events change . . . conditions change, and . . . you would be extremely unwise . . . to pursue policies that are unsuccessful."

Kennedy, by Theodore C. Sorensen. Harper, $10.00

All well and true. As they say, you live and learn. And John F. Kennedy learned that if you want to become President of the United States you've got to play the Liberal game. "As a Congressman and candidate for the Senate," writes Sorensen, "Jack Kennedy had been privately scornful of what he called the 'real liberals,' and he knew and cared comparatively little about the problem of civil rights. He never joined the Americans for Democratic Action and was skeptical of the liberal American Veterans Committee." This reviewer, who had a brief acquaintance with JFK in those early years, can vouch for the young congressman's essential conservatism. True, he voted the needs of his largely working-class district in East Boston, but he couldn't have cared less about providing—as he then put it—"a bottle of milk for every Hottentot." The young Kennedy not only spoke out against foreign aid, but he was an ardent Red-baiter. In 1949, he bitterly castigated the Truman Administration for the "sell out" of China to the Communists. He also reflected his father's deep animus against Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In many ways, JFK shared the views of another up-and-coming young politician named Richard Nixon, whose 1950 senatorial campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas was financially assisted by a $1,000 contribution from JFK himself. JFK's contribution to Nixon—probably one of his finest political deeds insofar as it helped send Mrs. Douglas back to her knitting—is half-heartedly denied by Mr. Sorensen. Why Sorensen should do so is difficult to fathom, particularly since the contribution is a matter of record. Not that it is overwhelmingly important, but the contribution does help demonstrate JFK's anti-Liberal proclivities early in his career.

Sorensen is not given to full candor in relating the friendship that existed between the Kennedy family and Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. It was a close friendship indeed. Father Joe thought McCarthy worthy to be a son-in-law. Brother Bobby, in fact, worked for McCarthy. As for Jack Kennedy, his best instincts told him not to say anything nasty about McCarthy. And the man from Wisconsin, in turn, did Jack the biggest political favor of all by staying out of the 1952 Senate race in Massachusetts. This, political observers agree, made it possible for Jack to beat the seemingly unbeatable Henry Cabot Lodge by a slim margin.

Of course, JFK's strange conduct towards Senator McCarthy is discussed in detail in other biographies of the late President—most notably in the generally friendly *John Kennedy: A Political Profile* and in the reviewer's own critical *JFK: The Man and The Myth*. It is interesting to read how JFK reacted to these books. Kennedy was annoyed by Burns because his semiofficial biographer commented on his lack of concern or commitment. As for *The Man and The Myth*, Sorensen tells us that "JFK dismissed both book and author

John F. Kennedy: ". . . You would be extremely unwise to pursue policies that are unsuccessful."

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as more pitifully ridiculous than dangerous." Ridiculous perhaps, but why dangerous? Mr. Sorensen does not explain. It is one of many tantalizing questions Sorensen raises, but never answers.

And that's what makes this enormous book (783 pages, 400,000 words) so fascinating. For example, we are told that the President met secretly in Sorensen's office with "anti-Catholic pamphleteer Paul Blanshard, seeking his agreement to the inclusion of private colleges in the higher education bill. . . ." This surely was an extraordinary confrontation. But no further details are given.

Nor is there any elaboration of Sorensen's revelation of how the White House persuaded a top civil rights leader to sever connections with the Communists. And there is no explanation of what went on at those "high-level negotiations" at which Congressman Adam Clayton Powell was persuaded to back JFK for the Presidency. And who is the "sharp-tongued American lady of note" whom JFK compared to Madame Nhu?

At times, Sorensen seems to contradict himself. On one page Sorensen certifies Kennedy as a full-fledged "intellectual." But on the next page he writes: "In general his respect for artistic excellence exceeded his appreciation. He had no interest in opera, dozed off at symphony concerts and was bored by ballet." Actually, he was a movie buff, given to Westerns and musicals. Likewise, in an early chapter, JFK is described as being "unawed by generals and admirals." But in the chapter on the Bay of Pigs JFK is portrayed as being so awed by the generals and admirals—and, for that matter, the CIA—that, despite his own instincts, he let them talk him into authorizing the anti-Castro invasion. "How could I have been so far off base?" Sorensen quotes JFK as asking in the wake of the Cuban fiasco. "All my life I've known better than to depend on the experts. How could I have been so stupid. . . ?"

For the historian, the book contains occasional flashes that illumine the kind of man Kennedy was. For example, as President-elect, JFK asked Sorensen to "study the secret of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Sorensen's conclusion, which proved useful to JFK in his inaugural speech, "was that Lincoln never used a two- or three-syllable word where a one-syllable word would do, and never used two or three words where one word would do."

According to Sorensen, his book is the kind of memoir Kennedy himself might have written. Sorensen frankly concedes he is far from being objective. "Having devoted nearly eleven years to advertising his interests and explaining his views, I cannot now cloak my partisanship as disinterested scholarship." No truer words were ever written.

The Forgotten Giant

M. STANTON EVANS

Contrary to Liberal complaint, the productive energies of a free society can supply human needs far better than can government compulsion. That is the lesson taught by free enterprise economists, and by the market economy itself, wherever it has been allowed to function. It is a lesson given new edge and relevance by Richard C. Cornuelle in *Reclaiming the American Dream.* Mises and Hayek and Friedman have shown that where the profit motive operates freedom is superior to collectivism; Cornuelle seeks to prove that even where profits are not involved, freedom is still the better way.

Reclaiming the American Dream, by Richard C. Cornuelle. Random House, $3.95

One problem with the conservative or free enterprise approach, in Cornuelle's view, is that it focuses too much on the profitable side of its performance, too little on the philanthropic. Liberals seem always to be arguing "for" something, conservatives "against." The Liberal appears to be compassionate and humane; the conservative, insensitive and selfish. The difference is made to order for Liberal successes at the polls. To counteract this disadvantage, the author says, conservatives should start paying some attention to the immense achievement of voluntary action in curing illness, eliminating poverty, providing jobs, etc., and the still greater potential for voluntarism in fulfilling future needs.

The vast majority of human wants, of course, are taken care of in our society by commercial exchange. In this area freedom has done enormously effective work, above and beyond anything attempted in collectivist societies. Yet it is still on the defensive politically, since the profit motive that makes the system go is considered ignoble or unserviceable when recipients of goods or services cannot pay for what they get. This asserted deficiency of "the commercial sector," Cornuelle says, is mitigated by "the independent sector"—the vast complex of individuals and organizations involved in charitable and civic and social activity. The independent sector includes everything from blood banks to the Salvation Army to fixing your neighbor's flat tire—and disposes, according to the various examples cited by Cornuelle, of perhaps $30 billion worth of goods and services annually. Strangely anonymous and unheralded, voluntary agencies set about each year to cure diseases like polio and cancer, provide recreational facilities for millions of people, launch symphony orchestras, care for the needy, build hospitals, give some $15 billion in private charity, support education, clean up pollution, etc., etc.

The forgotten giant operates in terms of the "service" motive, which Cornuelle believes—in contrast to many Liberals and conservatives alike—is as potent an influence as the desire for acquisition. It could achieve even greater things if the desire to help one's fellow man could be given appropriate outlets. When people know how to go about helping (fixing a tire, giving blood), they do help; when they don't help (curing unemployment, fighting urban blight), it is because they don't know how. Cornuelle's book is a valuable

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text suggesting ways and means to attack these larger problems through voluntarism and to draw some attention to the immense resources available for the job.

If we would rely more on these resources and less on schemes of governmental coercion, Cornuelle says, we could eliminate most secular problems confronting us—from poverty to racial strife—and he cites many specific examples to prove his point. One of the most impressive of these is a project in which Cornuelle himself was involved, a college loan program called "United Student Aid Funds," which has done an extraordinary job of helping young people, without governmental assistance, to finance their higher education. Numerous other examples, in urban renewal, low-cost housing, etc., are also cited.

CORNUELLE believes increased concentration on the "independent sector" would help put free enterprise in a more humane light and forestall Liberal demands for augmented welfarism. In the first of these assumptions, he is undoubtedly correct. In the second, unfortunately, he is probably wrong. Although there is no doubt some truth in his belief that Liberal programs are actuated by genuine distress, the accumulating data suggest this is no longer the dominating motive. Indeed, the internal evidence of Cornuelle's book says precisely otherwise. For one thing, official Liberalism has proved remarkably insensitive to the hardship *caused* by its many programs—inflation, high taxes, labor practices destructive of businesses and of jobs—and has evinced neither repentance nor concern for the victims. For another, Liberalism is usually displeased when either the free market or the states show signs of solving a problem (medical care, poverty, construction of schools), and usually pushes more desperately than ever for a federal "solution" when the problem shows signs of disappearing. And for yet another, Liberalism has repeatedly tried to intrude federal power into areas where "the independent sector" has been doing an admirable job (dropouts, urban renewal, college loans). In the last category, Cornuelle's experience with the USAF is testimony to the Liberal desire to take over a going program operated by private citizens.

It seems doubtful, in short, that even the most dazzling performance by "the independent sector" can quiet Liberal demands for government welfarism, because Liberalism today is more interested in power, patronage, and the purchase of votes with tax money than it is in "helping" anyone. Cornuelle's ideas are thought-provoking and valuable; but even their most successful realization would not, we may be certain, halt the Liberal drive for power without parallel political action.

Analysis, Not Prescription

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THIS IS an altogether admirable book—one of the most concise, precise, and lucid expositions of the nature, possibilities, and limitations of psychoanalytic treatment to be found anywhere. Dr. Szasz places much welcome emphasis on the distinction between psychoanalysis (or autonomous psychotherapy) and treatments which coerce patients by institutional means or by the assumption on the part of the therapist of the role of moral authority or agent of society. The analyst, Szasz points out correctly, is simply the patient's agent; he does not make choices for the patient nor even tell him the "right" choices, but merely analyzes what the patient tells him. Unlike the physician, the analyst prescribes neither medicine nor behavior; he only helps the patient to understand his behavior and to choose it more freely.

The Ethics of Psychoanalysis, by Thomas S. Szasz. Basic Books, $5.50

We all are indebted to Dr. Szasz for his previous books, which cogently and courageously called attention to the use of psychiatry and of psychiatric hospitals for the confinement of people who have annoyed their families, social workers, or officials. All too often therapists, sometimes in good faith, have lent themselves to such commitments. In the present book, Dr. Szasz sheds some light on what leads therapists to confuse behavior they or the law disapprove of with illness. I have nothing but admiration for the substance of his

argument. However, there are some formulations which unnecessarily obscure the points Dr. Szasz has done so much to clarify. Thus Szasz insists that psychoanalysis is a moral enterprise—but only means that analysts are morally committed to *analyze* their patients.

PSYCHOANALYSIS is at least three things: 1) a science—as such, only true or false (not good or bad, *i.e.*, morally relevant); 2) a method—as such, only more or less fruitful, not good or evil; and finally 3) a therapy. Treatment, of course, has goals (whether or not the end is called cure, therapy aims at changes), and the goals can be morally evaluated. But the aim of analysis, as Szasz himself points out so clearly, is to enable the patient to choose his own aims, to make his moral choices, not to impose the analyst's. Usually people who call analysis "a moral therapy" (as Szasz also does) mean, on the contrary, that the analyst leads the patient to the "right" morality. Szasz does not; but he obscures his point by insisting on the moral label, which to him means only that the analyst enhances the autonomy of the patient.

Again, in his description of his analytic practice, Szasz does himself an injustice by overusing an otherwise clarifying metaphor which describes the relationship between analyst and patient as a contract. (Elsewhere this relationship is compared to contract bridge, which certainly does not help the patient understand the relationship between his conscious wishes and fears and his unconscious wants, fears, defenses, etc. The idea of "contract" gives the impression that the patient knows what he wants from the analyst, from

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himself, or from life, whereas analysis is a way of learning about this.)

There are some other linguistic extravagances. Literally read, Szasz seems to advocate that the analyst never terminate an analysis unilaterally. This would make the analyst an indentured servant to his patient. Szasz, of course, means something more reasonable—a patient should share in the decision to terminate. Throughout the book, further, the impression is created that any analysis is a purely intellectual enterprise. Of course Szasz knows better than that. There is also an attack on Freud's treatment of phobias which, I think, is not pertinent, simply because Szasz does not take the space to explain either Freud's or his own position sufficiently to permit the reader to reach a judgment.

These extravagances and *obiter scripta* are, however, but beauty marks which do not mar a lucid defense of the essence of psychoanalysis against moralistic and conformistic misuse. I hope that Szasz's book will serve once more as a corrective to the increasingly dangerous attempt to use the language and authority of clinical and pseudo-clinical diagnosis in order to impose conformity to the moral ideas of the majority on reluctant individuals. We owe much gratitude to Dr. Szasz for having seen this problem and for having contributed so much to its correct solution.

Fiction

The Puppet Masters

GUY DAVENPORT

THE HERO of Wilkie Collins's *Poor Miss Finch* (1872) has cause to repair a while to the country. A young Victorian gentleman of means, he amuses himself by falling in love with poor Miss Finch, a blind girl, and by chasing silver. This genteel hobby attracts thieves, who cosh him one fine summer afternoon and make off with the silver. He drags himself to the high street, writes "Help!" with his blood on the pinafore of a little girl who happens to be passing, and becomes an epileptic on the spot. The cure for epilepsy at that time was injections of mercury, a treatment that turns one bright blue all over. This is really not so terrible a fate for our hero, as his bride-to-be, Miss Finch, is blind. There appears, however, a German doctor who can restore Miss Finch's sight, and there appears, from New Zealand, all unexpectedly, our hero's twin brother, who, of course, looks exactly like him except that he isn't blue. Thus begins Wilkie Collins's ninth novel.

Had Collins not written the first detective novel (*The Moonstone*, 1868) and one of the best mystery novels in English (*The Woman in White*, 1860), he would scarcely be still in print. The Edwardians dismissed Collins, whose fame had been immense, as a manipulator of cardboard characters. They do tend to blur into transparency with the swiftness of the plot, and they are masked with too sharp an identity. They are Gentlemen, a Poor Girl, a Police Detective, a Catholic. Yet many a Victorian novelist thought to be more earnest, more socially conscious, more psychologically perspicacious than Wilkie Collins is less read. For Collins had art, great measures of it, and the quaintness of his characters, the outrageousness of his plots, is all a trick of time.

The puppet master is still the prince of storytellers, as the three novels before us prove. He has but two modes, Guignol and Grand Guignol, the silly and the spooky. All is one dimensional, swift, and perfectly clear.

Elspeth Huxley, accomplished in many genres, has chosen good old-fashioned English melodrama for her novel, *A Man from Nowhere*. In the most respected mode of British fiction, she has written a detective story without, however, a detective. It is all there, the village, charmingly drawn, right down to the manor with its dairies and gardens; the gossip; the retired colonel; the policeman sane as an oak. Into this idyll there comes a stranger, and before he leaves, the closets have given up their skeletons; the smug have been found out; the potential for violence (what else can warrant our attention?) has fallen dead-weight. The rugged, honest hero turns out to be an assassin; the lord of the manor and MP, a cynical politician; his daughter, a whore and maimer of children; his son, a blackmailer, forger, thief, and West End fairy. Only the cows get through the novel with any purity, and they, last time we see them, are succumbing to Johne's disease and acetonaemia.

The English detective novel, solidly conservative and sternly moral, always posits a crime unmistakably heinous; its business is to enjoy the hunt. Mrs. Huxley turns the matter around and ends where the traditional 'tec begins; and she does this because she is borrowing the form only, as an expedient. Her real story is wholly by implication. Her recourse to Grand Guignol is to lay down a parable. One can read it in a general sense (in which a shepherd appeases a wolf with his own sheep) or in a particular (in which the pioneer African colonial presents his case).

THIS IS A RICHLY SUGGESTIVE book, the more vivid for the honest clarity of its implications. Once its violence has flashed across our eyes, we are left to consider a minister of state who cannot raise two children decently and yet has the responsibility

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A Man from Nowhere, by Elspeth Huxley. Morrow, $4.50

The Young Visitors, by John Wain. Viking, $4.50

Demian, by Hermann Hesse. Harper & Row, $4.50

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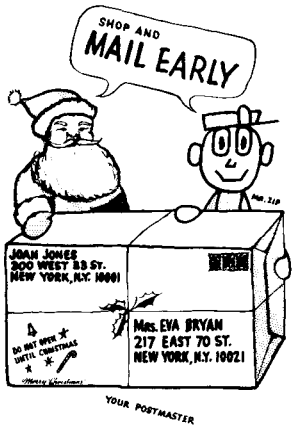

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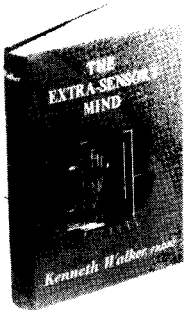

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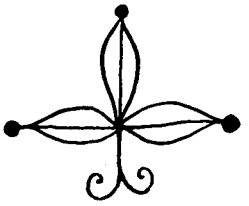
of deciding when African savages are ready for self-government; an African colonial whose wife and brother have been butchered by savages under the spell of *uhuru*, who comes to England to assassinate the man he thinks bears the guilt, and can only kill himself. Mrs. Huxley has chosen her form well, and has carried out its traditional pattern of suspense and surprise with never a missed trick.

John Wain, whose last novel, *Strike the Father Dead*, was a moving study of a wilful son and a wilful father, has elected for a light and wispy bit of puppetry in his *The Young Visitors*. As in Sir James Barrie's mawkish little forgery of a novel by a nine-year-old girl ("Daisy Ashford's" *The Young Visitors*, 1919), people who could not possibly understand each other come together and part.

Mr. Wain's visitors in this short novel are Russian students on a jaunt to London. As soon as they arrive they are captivated by an English Red and his beatnik coffeehouse, said to be an outstation of the Socialist Enlightenment. Its owner, howsoever, is merely a man in fashion, running and bellowing with the Liberal herd. A fledgling Komsomol chick falls in love with him and learns that all that clatters is not Marx. He learns a thing or two, also, about himself and Russia and Communists. While the nip and tuck is raging this is an entertaining bit of writing. Any encounter of the fox and the automatic mind, as Molière proved, makes good listening and watching. But what Mr. Wain has rendered seems to be the first two acts of a comedy. The idealistic Miss is whisked back to Russia; the beatnik Red is out of a dodge. Is that anywhere to leave an audience?

Hermann Hesse (1877-1962), Nobel Prize winner in 1946, has one of those reputations that apparently live on air. His name is coin of the realm in any literary discussion, but few seem to have read him. His short novel about Buddha, *Siddhartha*, has been around for years, and *Steppenwolf*, that strange fable about a man who refused to believe the Freudian nature of man, is now in the Modern Library. *Magister Ludi* is a book much recommended and passed around by people who have read the first twenty or so pages. All this hankering can be explained by noting that Hesse *sounds* wonderful; his books are said to be mysterious, different, deep. They are, Lord knows,



but not in any sense available to American readers in quite a while. They belong to the world of Hawthorne and Melville. The characters are symbols brooded into existence by a mind way outside the fashionable currents of thought.

That *Demian* (1919) should be newly translated at this time may indicate a need for Hesse's enchanted mind. He deals in the idealistic gestures of the young, the dedication of scholars and saints, the contemplative mind that loves solitude and inner peace. *Demian*, like Alain-Fournier's masterpiece of adolescent fantasy, *Les Grandes Meaulnes*, explores the radiance of the young mind just at the verge of maturity. The plot is deliberately unrealistic, so that the symbolic contours emerge with an eerie clarity. Hesse in all his books considers the transition from childhood to manhood a perilous one, by no means automatic. "Some never become human," he says in the prologue to *Demian*, "remaining frog, lizard, ant. Some are human above the waist, fish below. Each represents a gamble on the part of nature in creation of the human."

Despite his fey mind, Hesse is a writer whose peculiar vision is worth inspecting. His world is shadowy and close to areas of the heart that will probably never see light. But his vision is a rare one, as commendable for its humane solicitude as for its strangeness and unearthly color.

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VINCENT MILLER

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---

The Life of the Mind in America From the Revolution to the Civil War, by Perry Miller. Harcourt. $7.50

The Americans: The National Experience, by Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House, $8.95

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period; it is the sequel to his *The Americans: The Colonial Experience*, winner of the Bancroft prize for 1959.

Miller's book is fascinating, but not for its thesis. The thesis is that the problem facing America during this period was "the search for a national identity" which would preserve the union. I doubt that many were during these years concerned with the *national* identity. Miller seems to me to be forced too often to find in his basic citations a hidden "implication," an "inner tendency," an "inarticulate premise," what "the speakers knew in their secret hearts." He was, I think, reading a twentieth-century concern back into time.

As he sees it, however, the attempts did exist. They broke down and the Civil War occurred. A union of some sort was preserved—and with it some basis for future definition. If I follow Miller's slowly evolving line of thought, what he thinks emerged was: 1) the beginning of a unifying social religion which originated with the great revivalists, got rid of theology at the start, and ended by getting rid of religion (as Miller thinks it should have done); 2) the recognition that the nation must be unified by a dynamic and creative conception of the law (and of the national government's function), any system of "definition by negation"—i.e. of checks and balances—having by 1850 proved its worthlessness; and 3) a crassly materialistic but quite American technology which the Civil War freed to continue debasing and "unifying" the country, and which by 1960 needs to be directed by creative legislation in "the national interest."

Miller's book is not, then, remarkable for its thesis. But it does trace with superb mastery and illuminating detail the fall into ignorance and vulgarity that took place between the Revolution and the Civil War. In religion the fall was from the highly complex theology of a Jonathan Edwards to a revivalism which (deliberately avoiding both thought and religion) sought out emotionally toutable humanitarian causes that would galvanize without causing dissension among the sects. In law (which saw its greatest achievement during this period), the eventual fall came when America found the wide liberal education demanded by such giants as Justice Story too demanding for a pragmatic nation-on-the-go. The result was that the profession sank to the level of practical handbooks and to the verbal vulgarizations of that omnipresent social religion, which was—as one contemporary put it—"to amalgamate the most discordant materials into a homogeneous mass of neutrality and insipidity." In science the shift was from Franklin's neo-classic desire to know (and to contemplate the universe with something resembling the Greek sense of wonder) to the worship of know-how and the deification of man's ability to create technological miracles.

BOORSTIN'S account is strikingly different. He writes of American boosterism and pragmatism, its haste and crass materialism, as if neither John Adams's prognostication that we would breed in America an aristocracy of land-jobbers and stock-jobbers, nor Justice Story, nor Scott Fitzgerald, nor even Sinclair Lewis, had ever existed. What Miller chronicles as a fall to the gross worship of process, Boorstin praises with the bounce of a modern-day Edward Everett lecturing to Babbitt's grandson and saying "the old man got there, didn't he?"

Boorstin stresses the following as elements in an indigenous American

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character evolving during these years: 1) maximum haste toward vague and unidentified goals, as our folk wisdom, 2) a fruitful and omnipresent blurring of any line between public and private, 3) the essence of life as group and not individual activity, 4) the direction of all activity toward a worship of process so complete as to result in the conviction that *anything* produced is produced for rapid obsolescence, 5) a consequent worship of the organizer rather than the thinker, 6) a rampant hostility not only to class, but to differences in view, so gross that Anthony Trollope would write that in an American hotel, in a country where everyone was free, "one can never do as one likes," and 7) a blissfully healthy and soul-freeing ignorance of tradition. What Mr. Boorstin proves if he proves anything is that a rigorous reading of American source materials will never enable anyone to tell the baby from the bath.

Boorstin and Miller make, then, a strange pair of bedfellows: the one a jazzy pragmatist, the other a scholar-gentleman of the old school, a man whose loss will itself adversely affect American intellectual history. Boorstin in a footnote patronizes Miller's "belletristic" approach to history. Miller does not comment on Boorstin's way of looking at it through the eyes of the American advertising business.

IT IS IRONIC, therefore, that both men raise the same question about the price in narrowness that is being paid in America for the kind of depth we call sound historical scholarship. Much can be learned from the facts about American history presented in either man's book: on this level both are seriously worthwhile studies of American life.

Finally, however, both men have been so busy researching their limited fields that they have had no time to learn enough about Western civilization to put what they have discovered to any significant use. The organizing patterns they disclose are shallow ones. Despite the towering stature of the one and the brilliance of the other, they serve finally as examples of an order of American academic provincialism that must be deplored.

Miller's orientation is indeed belletristic. His organizing images are those of the old sophomore survey course in English literature. With their easily grasped oversimplicity as his guide, he traces (through huge and seemingly unmasterable masses of material) America's turn from an eighteenth - century, neo - classical worship of "the head" to a nineteenth-century, romantic worship of "the heart"; and from an eighteenth-century view of the universe as a machine to a nineteenth-century conception of it as an organism. (He disapproves of the first because it leads to vulgarization; he approves of the second because the world is obviously not a machine.) What he seems to be unaware of is the context of Western civilization into which both centuries must be placed if either is to be understood.

Let me cite a single example. If he were more aware of the Greek conception that life and society are an ordering of chaos by balancing into proper spheres—warring but independent forces—or of the Christian conception that man by his nature tends to fall toward non-being—he could not so easily have concluded that men with the wide classical education of a Justice Story were arguing for a system of checks and balances out of some eighteenth-century American puritanic phobia about the utter depravity of man.

Boorstin is more brashly, less significantly, and less touchingly provincial. He feels that America's identity centers in the fact that it has always left its goals vague. He writes of America's "imperial vagueness," its "federal vagueness," and its "verbal vagueness". These he believes have created a national excellence that grows by the sheer process of ignoring both clear thought and the most obvious facts.

No one could doubt that the potential American monster he praises is more alive than the straw man to whom he opposes him. But the mind setting up the opposition is working on the level that produced Carl Sandburg's hymn to Chicago. Boorstin seems ignorant even of the criticism an American Midwesterner like Fitzgerald leveled at the fact

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that (to quote Boorstin) Americans were early "distinguished less by what they clearly knew or definitely felt than by their grand and fluid hopes . . . their common vagueness." (Jay Gatsby wrote in his boyhood plan for the day, "7:00-9:00: Study needed inventions.") Fitzgerald's criticism indicates a self-awareness, there from the start, which Boorstin ignores.

More seriously, Boorstin seems ignorant of the history of Western civilization within which America was and is defining its being. He would have profited by reading even secondary sources outside his field. He might thus—for instance—have run across Auerbach's demonstration that the major influence of the Christian tradition upon literature has been the very mixture of styles which he finds in American life, the very central conception that man in freedom, self-doubt, and faith works toward a goal in time which he cannot define. He might then have wondered if the characteristic he finds centrally unique in American speech and action could not possibly be seen in other and more interesting terms than those which hymn our boosterism.

Legacy of the Wartime Big Three

THOMAS MOLNAR

Malcolm Muggeridge once dreamed that he was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor: editing Anthony Eden's memoirs. The reviewer has

The Reckoning, by Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin, $8.50

an easier, and shorter, task but he must admit that, compared with Churchill's and de Gaulle's war chronicles, *The Reckoning* (as the two earlier volumes) makes dry reading. One misses the historical sweep, the thinker's meditations, and particularly the portraits of famous contemporaries that illuminate truly great historical records.

Eden's style flows easily enough, but not above the level of a very competent and conscientious high civil servant's day-by-day notations. The book is devoid even of the humor that understatement provides. The only passages where humanity steals in are quotes from Churchill. And if the volume has a hero, it is the Prime Minister: criticized, contradicted, found exasperating—but always sincerely and loyally admired.

The second life-size protagonist is Stalin. In fact, while Churchill's role is slowly fading out and ends in electoral defeat at the time of the Potsdam Conference, Stalin's becomes greater with every passing page, until he looms all-powerful at Potsdam between two rather naive newcomers, Truman and Attlee. A similar shift in emphasis can be observed in the "main plot" of the book. As it proceeds, it is no longer the story of the war against Hitler, but of the increasingly hopeless diplomatic struggle against the Kremlin and the storm gathering in Eastern Europe.

The Reckoning will be valuable to tomorrow's historians. Not counting himself among the titans of the world drama, Eden describes it objectively and makes judicious forecasts about the postwar world in the light of con-

temporary events. His thesis is not presented explicitly, but the reader has no difficulty identifying it: the Second World War took place because the democracies kept yielding to a blackmailing dictatorship; and its aftermath was the poisonous fruit of the same policy of weakness and weary (sometimes eager) abdication in the face of another blackmailing dictatorship.

The first two years of the war, in Eden's description, are rather monotonous, that is, without the excitement and heroism Churchill brought to the same events. After the highpoint of the blitzkrieg, Hitler's imagination seems to have become exhausted. His great generals, like Rommel, still carried on the war with the *brio* of the beginning, but, as the Fuehrer himself stated, the Axis was fatally handicapped by the other partner, Italy.

Things really started moving with the Russian campaign; Stalin unleashed sound and fury. From the autumn of 1941 an ever louder Russian insistence (sometimes couched in contemptuous terms) was conveyed to London and Washington: more matériel, a second front, and the necessity of settling, *hic et nunc*, the Soviet Union's postwar frontiers. Demands for arms and invasion were eventually met; Stalin and Molotov were able to concentrate on mapping Russia's historic conquest of new areas—at first with the reluctant, later the resigned help of the Western Allies. Poland was the main target, but also bases, privileges, favored position for postwar trade, satellites, and so on, endlessly, obstinately.

Eden states that he found in Stalin the most formidable negotiator in his thirty years of diplomatic experience. While Churchill thought only of winning the war, and Roosevelt was engaged in abstractly apportioning the world, Stalin, with ruthless concentration on the essential, that is, the political *objective* of the war, pursued only one aim: extending the Soviet power. London and Washington were preoccupied with the return or voluntary exile of King George of Greece, with the Giraud-de Gaulle squabble, with planning the "bright future" under the aegis of the United Nations. From the beginning Stalin was playing a master chess game, keeping his eyes on the entire board.

The anti-hero of Eden's story is Franklin D. Roosevelt. Eden is a polite man who never loses his temper and self-control. His son's death in an air crash in Burma elicits not a word of lament. But he cannot hide his astonishment at Roosevelt's frivolous and utopian play with nations and peoples. At one point the President wanted to create a new State, "Wallonia," incorporating parts of Belgium, Luxembourg, Alsace-Lorraine, and parts of Northern France. Another time he insisted on Russia's right to

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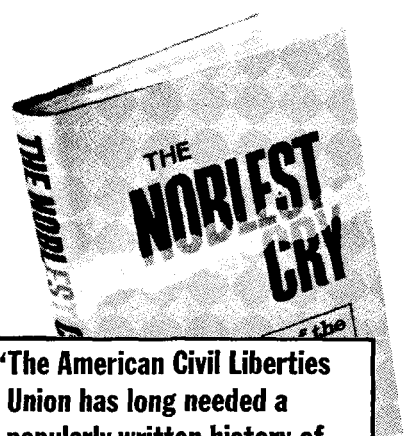

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by CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

ST. MARTIN'S

the Baltic States. Then again he suggested, among "a number of similar gestures," that the British give up Hong Kong "as a gesture of good will." As for his Allies' colonial possessions, Roosevelt saw them as obedient client-states for the U.S., docile and happy voters at the United Nations.

Comments Eden: "Roosevelt was familiar with the history and geography of Europe. Perhaps his hobby of stamp-collecting had helped him to this knowledge, but the academic yet sweeping opinions which he built upon it were alarming in their cheerful fecklessness. He seemed to see himself disposing of the fate of many lands, allied no less than enemy. He did all this with so much grace that it was not easy to dissent. Yet it was too like a conjurer, skilfully juggling with balls of dynamite, whose nature he failed to understand."

After the war Eden was proposed as first Secretary-General of the United Nations. The Labor Government vetoed this choice, and Eden seems to regret it. Is it because he thinks he could have steered the unruly organization toward more sanity and realism? This is not what his wartime jottings indicate. He was aware that only a complete postwar cooperation of the Big Three would have made the UN viable, but he perceived as early as 1943 that the Soviets had their very personal notions about the postwar world. Not even he could foresee, as he now notes, that the UN was to fall under the tyranny of Third-World demagogues and spread anarchy instead of instituting order.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE 1453, by Steven Runciman (Cambridge, $6.95). For nearly a thousand years following the fall of Rome, the chief city of Christendom was Constantinople. From their lovely capital beside the Bosporus, the Byzantine emperors ruled over wide realms of the former Roman Empire, and successfully defended this citadel of the Christian faith against the Saracens. But Christendom was divided, and Byzantium grew old and tired, and at last, in 1453, its hour came. Against the 80,000 troops of young Sultan Mehmet II ("The Conqueror"), the Emperor Constantine Paleologus could assemble less than seven thousand to man the ancient walls of Constantinople. Steven Runciman tells the story of those final days clearly, crisply and colorfully, and in his quiet British way reaches heights of a sort as he describes the calm that preceded the final assault: a lovely afternoon in late May, when everyone who could be spared from the ramparts thronged St. Sophia, the great Church of the Holy Wisdom, where Roman and Orthodox prelates, side by side at last, served a final communion to a populace no longer divided, and prayed for the miracle that never came. W. A. RUSHER

THE MEANING OF EUROPE, by Denis de Rougemont (Stein and Day, $3.95). The essence of the West, says M. de Rougemont in this excellent little book, is the European spirit; for Europeans discovered the world, conquered it, and created its greatness. Indeed, since the period of discoveries, the civilization of Europe has permeated the entire world, extending itself into those parts that would destroy it. But the author is not so much concerned with the rest of the world as he is with the *idea of Europe;* Europe, united and dynamic, fascinates him. It is the idea of a united Europe, he notes, which has haunted and excited great Europeans from the time of Dante's *De Monarchia* to Jean Monnet's Common Market, and it is this potential unity which Europe's enemies seek to destroy. After presenting the pro-unity proposals of such seminal thinkers as Pierre DuBois, Emeric Cruce, Saint-Simon, Proudhon, and Nietzsche, he turns to Jean-Paul Sartre, who sees European civilization in the convulsions of death. The history of Europe, for Sartre, is a history of constant oppression, which can only be atoned for by surrendering to the enemy, by making common cause with the FLN and the Angolans. This, says de Rougemont, is a philosophy that is suicidal. The meaning of Europe can be found in the history of liberty, equality, and the concept of the dignity of man—all of which have nothing to do with *oppression.* In an age all too likely to disregard the Western achievement, the author insists that Europeans, and not Africans or Arabs or Chinese,

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conceived the world as we know t today. P. P. WITONSKI

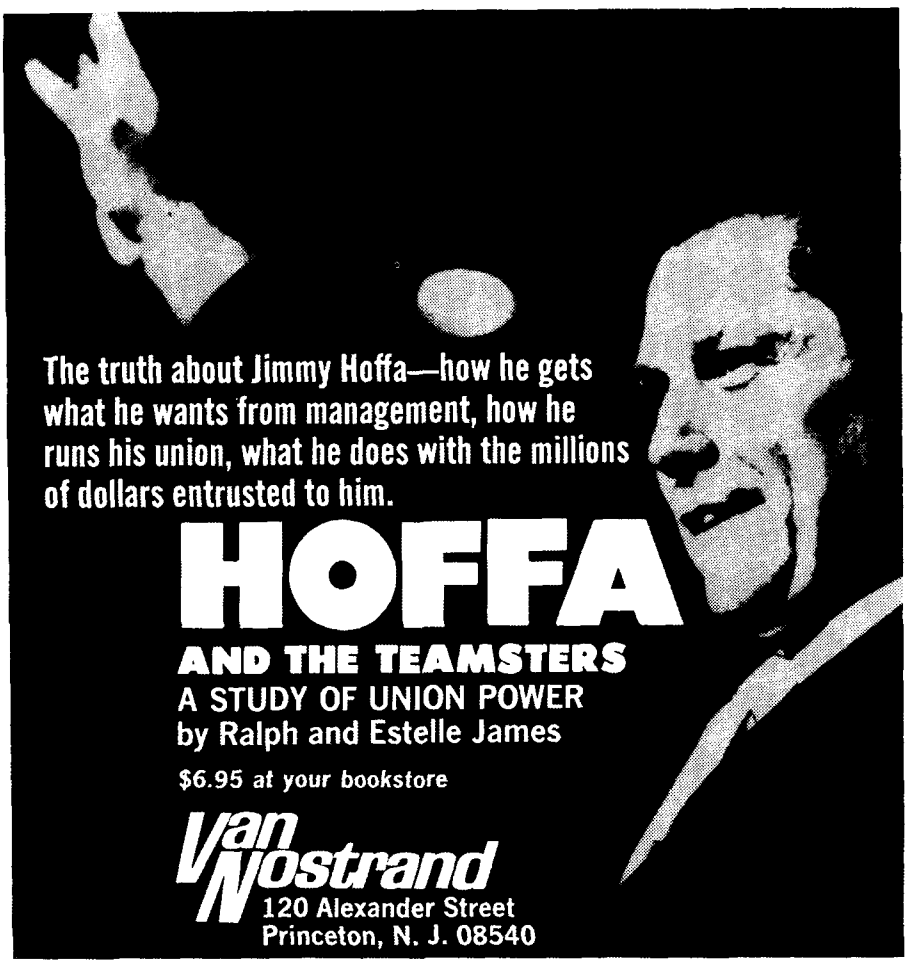
MARXISM IN THE MODERN WORLD, edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch (Stanford, $5.95). What has been the impact of Marxism on our time since the founding of the First International in 1864? To answer this question the Hoover Institution of War, Revolution, and Peace invited a number of specialists in the field to a conference in October, 1964. The eight papers presented here make up, more or less, a unified whole since they confine themselves largely to a discussion of the Marxist "isms" of the twentieth century, to wit: Leninism (Bertram D. Wolfe); Stalinism (Boris Souvarine); Khrushchevism (Merle Fainsod); Titoism (Adam B. Ulam); Maoism (Arthur A. Cohen): Castroism (Theodore Draper). An introductory essay titled "The Impact of Marxism on the Twentieth Century" by Raymond Aron, and a concluding piece by Richard Lowenthal on "Prospects for Pluralistic Communism" round out the book. Professor Ulam speaks of the Titoist heresy which "embraces the myth that there had once been an innocent and perfect type of Communism which had been corrupted" by the men in the Kremlin. What he says about Tito is true for almost all the authors represented in this volume. They, too, nourish the myth that an innocent Marxism was corrupted by the nihilistic and Bakuninist Lenin. They speak of "classical" socialism and "ordinary" socialism and even "democratic" socialism—something that has never anywhere existed on this earth—while they are completely silent about National Socialism which, too, belongs in the chiliastic tradition of "authentic" socialism. Scholars might have taken note of that fact, but disappointed Social-Democrats, nostalgic Marxists and Liberal-minded professors, never. Yet the cataclysmic call for revolution which brought the specter of Communism into the arena of Western civilization to haunt the world is with us still—and it is only fitfully explained and partially understood by the authors of *Marxism in the Modern World.*

M. GELTMAN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (November 2)

Joan N. Whelan

I am so tired of the skulking, anonymous little men who slither about conducting polls I never see, asking questions I never hear, of people I never encounter who pompously proclaim the majority vote to be against that which pleases me.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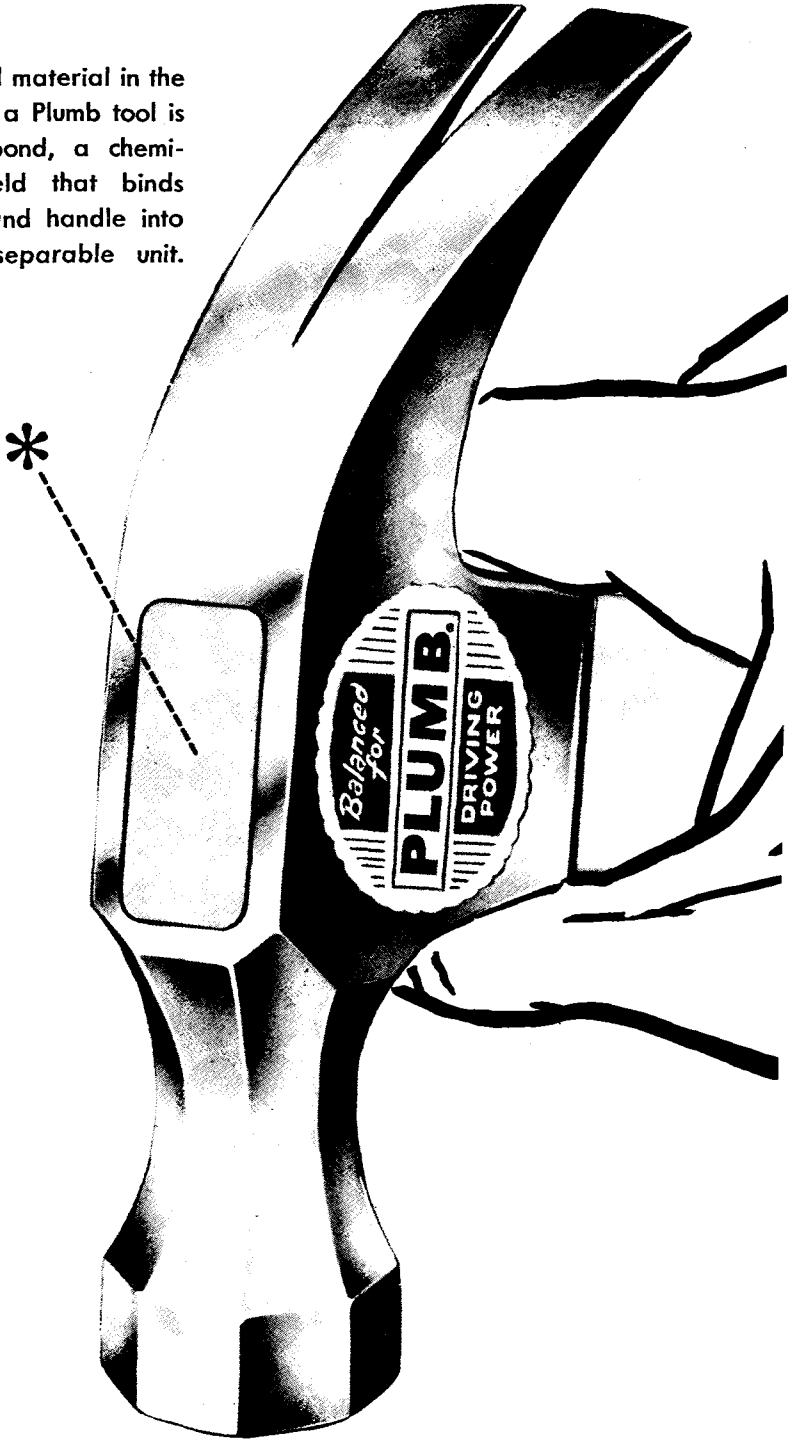

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To The Editor

(Continued from p. 1010)

telligence to distinguish truth from hypocrisy, the integrity to admit to such distinction, and the God-given ability to express same for a small but desperate truth-seeking public.

La Mirada, Cal. S. M. GOCKE

Salt-Free

I am not one to take entirely without salt even the enjoyable fare served by my favorite magazine, but I must admit after reading Don Cope's article "It's What's Happening, Baby" [Oct. 19] I think I may go on a salt-free diet, at least on those days when your publication comes in the mail. Living as I do, two whoops and a few hollers from Drop-Out College (Camp Atterbury) I *know* that Cope knows wherein he speaks.

Nashville, Ind. G. T. FLEMING ROBERTS

Metering the Mail

In "The Week" for October 19, you stated that "Pitney-Bowes is at it again," for refusing to make a slogan for Mr. Franks entitled "Support Your Local Police."

So you will have both sides of the story, Pitney-Bowes also refused to make a slogan for SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) which showed a black hand and a white hand clasped together.

Adelphi, Md. JOHN ALLEN

Un-American Ballads

Congratulations on finally voicing the apprehensions so many of us teenage conservatives have experienced since the songs of peace and tolerance exploded upon the Top 100 list [Oct. 5]. But the Left doesn't have a monopoly on the nation's airwaves. Shortly after "Eve of Destruction" came out, "Dawn of Correction," a complete parody, exposed that "clammy potboiler's" faulty logic and trivial moanings. But we feel more such parodies are needed.

Ithaca, N.Y. HENRY G. WALKER

Trans-O-Erratum

Wasn't the correct answer to Svend Petersen's Trans-O-Gram, October 5th, the following: "The Constitution is a document for all time because it is an application of sound principle to the organization of government. To assert that the times require legislative action by the *executive departments or by the* courts is a lie as well as a corruption of function"?

Chicago, Ill. GEORGE MCMASTERS

It was. —ED.

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Harrison Bergeron

(Continued from p. 1021)

I am a greater ruler than any man who ever lived! Now watch me become what I can become!"

Harrison tore the straps of his handicap harness like wet tissue paper. The straps guaranteed to support five thousand pounds.

Harrison's scrap-iron handicaps crashed to the floor.

Harrison thrust his thumbs under the bar of the padlock that secured his head harness. The bar snapped like celery. Harrison smashed his headphones and spectacles against the wall.

He flung away his rubber-ball nose, revealed a man that would have awed Thor, the god of thunder.

"I shall now select my Empress!" he said, looking down on the cowering people. "Let the first woman who dares rise to her feet claim her mate and her throne!"

A moment passed, and then a ballerina arose, swaying like a willow.

Harrison plucked the mental handicap from her ear, snapped off her physical handicaps with marvelous delicacy. Last of all, he removed her mask.

She was blindingly beautiful.

"Now—" said Harrison, taking her hand. "Shall we show the people the meaning of the word dance? Music!" he commanded.

The musicians scrambled back into their chairs, and Harrison stripped them of their handicaps, too. "Play your best," he told them, "and I'll make you barons and dukes and earls."

The music began. It was normal at first—cheap, silly, false. But Harrison snatched two musicians from their chairs, waved them like batons as he sang the music as he wanted it played. He slammed them back into their chairs.

The music began again, and was much improved.

Harrison and his Empress merely listened to the music for a while—listened gravely, as though synchronizing their heartbeats with it.

They shifted their weight to their toes.

Harrison placed his big hands on the girl's tiny waist, letting her sense the weightlessness that would soon be hers.

And then, in an explosion of joy and grace, into the air they sprang!

Not only were the laws of the land abandoned, but the law of gravity and the laws of motion as well.

They reeled, whirled, swiveled, flounced, capered, gamboled and spun.

They leaped like deer on the moon.

The studio ceiling was thirty feet high, but each leap brought the dancers nearer to it.

It became their obvious intention to kiss the ceiling.

They kissed it.

And then, neutralizing gravity with love and pure will, they remained suspended in air inches below the ceiling, and they kissed each other for a long, long time.

It was then that Diana Moon Glampers, the Handicapper General, came into the studio with a double-barreled ten-gauge shotgun. She fired twice, and the Emperor and the Empress were dead before they hit the floor.

Diana Moon Glampers loaded the gun again. She aimed it at the musicians and told them they had ten seconds to get their handicaps back on.

It was then that the Bergerons' television tube burned out.

Hazel turned to comment about the blackout to George. But George had gone out into the kitchen for a can of beer.

George came back in with the beer, paused while a handicap signal shook him up. And then he sat down again. "You been crying?" he said to Hazel, watching her wipe her tears.

"Yup," she said.

"What about?" he said.

"I forgot," she said. "Something real sad on television."

"What was it?" he said.

"It's all kind of mixed up in my mind," said Hazel.

"Forget sad things," said George.

"I always do," said Hazel.

"That's my girl," said George. He winced. There was the sound of a riveting gun in his head.

"Gee—I could tell that one was a doozy," said Hazel.

"You can say that again," said George.

"Gee—" said Hazel—"I could tell that one was a doozy."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Place, Lone Star State.	3 23 50 148 17 15 8 226 141
B. Legal or rightful powers.	14 30 221 4 5 40 197 130 206 159 214
C. A month, calendar of first French republic.	72 20 108 88 180 216 63
D. Type of sketch.	81 11 36 142 9 1 106 89 21
E. Where many a horse was left in the good old days.	99 41 16 125 18 193 57 7 61 71 27 183
F. Pertaining to sky travel.	104 210 160 110 90 230 53 28 5 65
G. To restore to soundness by readjustments and part replacements.	109 93 172 120 6 32 43 196 184 140 70
H. Superficial decorations.	118 29 73 62 101 162 149 45
I. Titular hero of a Wagnerian opera.	139 164 38 31 147 74 111 131 168
J. Selfish or unfair utilization.	155 179 138 105 132 208 10 33 215 225 198 44
K. Yankee manager who didn't lose a pennant.	166 219 91 12 107 96 75 203 60
L. A rabbit is a multiplier, a worm a divider; what's a snake?	189 128 211 76 83

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A recommendation of an employee by an employer.	24 47 113 97 195 176 152 77 161
N. One who gets stannum from the earth.	37 64 133 78 171 114 143 165
O. Pertaining to any metamorphic crystalline rock having a foliated structure.	123 194 170 115 13 46 227 34 79
P. What a politician should take on a fishing expedition.	178 122 220 154 205 169 126 224 92
Q. Any solemn council.	52 185 121 17 167 82 158 204 228 150
R. A potpourri of familiar airs.	135 19 144 163 35 98 229 66
S. Minnesota county.	156 67 145 48 223 217 117 100 192
T. Matchless.	175 80 68 85 182 49
U. Upbraidings.	188 51 190 157 134 124 181 173 84 151
V. Unit of government, U. S., Canada, Eng.	209 187 234 127 201 177 87 191
W. Process of setting aside as unimportant.	218 231 102 94 119 186 233 54 200 25 199
X. Candied sea-holly root.	222 59 213 26 112 39
Y. President and Emperor of France.	9 153 202 58 232 136 69 103 55 129 146
Z. Type of aerial explosive.	22 86 42 116 212 2 137 207

See page 1039 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 D	2 Z	3 A	4 B	5 F	6 G	7 E		8 A	9 Y				
10 J	11 D	12 K	13 O		14 B	15 A	16 E		17 Q	18 E	19 R	20 C	21 D		22 Z	23 A			
	24 M	25 W	26 X	27 E	28 F	29 H	30 B	31 I	32 G		33 J	34 O		35 R	36 D	37 N			
38 I	39 X	40 B	41 E	42 Z	43 G	44 J	45 H		46 O	47 M	48 S		49 T	50 A	51 U	52 Q			
53 F	54 W	55 Y	56 B	57 E		58 Y	59 X		60 K	61 E	62 H	63 C	64 N	65 F	66 R	67 S			
68 T	69 Y	70 G		71 E	72 C		73 H	74 I	75 K	76 L	77 M	78 N	79 O	80 T	81 D	82 Q			
	83 L	84 U	85 T	86 Z	87 V	88 C	89 D	90 F	91 K		92 P	93 G	94 W	95 D	96 K	97 M			
98 R	99 E	100S	101H		102W	103Y		104F		105J	106D	107K	108C	109G		110F			
111I	112X	113M	114N	115O	116Z	117S	118H	119W	120O	121Q		122P	123O		124U				
125E	126P	127V	128L	129Y	130B	131I	132J	133N		134U	135R		136Y	127Z	138J	139I			
140G	141A	142D	143N	144R	145S		146Y	147I		148A	149H	150Q		151U	152M	153Y			
154P	155J		156S	157U		158Q	159B	160F	161M	162H	163R	164I	165N	166K		167Q			
168I		169P	170O	171N	172G	173U		174A	175T	176M	177V		178P	179J	180C	181U			
182T	183E	184G	185Q	186W		187V	188U		189L	190U	191V	192S	193E	194O	195M	196G			
197B	198J	199W		200W	201V		202Y	203K	204Q	205P	206B	207Z	208J	209V	210F	211L			
	212Z	213X		214B	215J	216C	217S	218W		219K	220P		221B	222X	223S	224P			
225J	226A	227O	228Q	229R	230F	231W		232Y	233W	234V									

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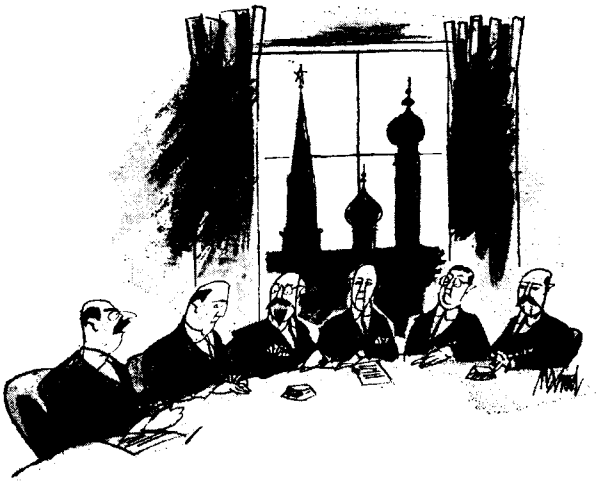
For The Record

About Vietnam: Sen. Daniel Brewster (D., Md.), just back from a tour of fighting front, suggests U.S. block the North Vietnamese harbor of Haiphong as means of keeping out Soviet missiles, other weapons. . . . In the past months, over 17,000 army enlisted men and 18,000 naval enlisted men have applied for transfer to war zone. . . . Hard policy on Vietnam reflected in Gallup poll which shows 58 per cent of Americans approving LBJ's stand-firm position in October as against 48 per cent in June. . . . Averell Harriman rebuking those who insist that admitting Red China to UN will "further the cause of world peace." Harriman points out that although the British have had diplomatic relations with Peking since 1949 they have not yet been able to get the Chinese to "agree on an exchange of ambassadors." . . . In the Liberal doghouse, former Sec. of State Dean Acheson, for suggesting that the UN might have been well advised to let India and Pakistan fight it out.

American Civil Liberties Union has held that the decision of the Richmond (Va.) Professional Institute not to register students with long hair or beards is a "violation of the fundamental principles of academic freedom." . . . ACLU has not yet taken stand on case of two grade school pupils suspended from a Chester, Pa. school for bringing their own sandwiches instead of paying 35¢ for the school-supplied meals. School board President Robert Russell explains that the federal school lunch subsidy will be lost unless all pupils eat federal food. . . . More card burnings: four Tulane students have burned their Social Security cards in protest against growing socialism in U.S.

According to Nation Française, Soviet diplomats in Indonesia have indicated to army that USSR would not mind the outlawing of the huge Indonesian Communist Party—which is Peking-controlled. . . . Strong U.S. stand in Vietnam and personal snub by Soviet leaders have combined to undermine neutralist Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk at home. Observers in Phnom Penh say anti-Communist elements there are resurfacing for first time since so-called Laos "settlement" of 1961.

On the conservative front: editor John Davenport (Fortune) and economist Milton Friedman have joined Editorial Advisory Board of Barry Goldwater's Free Society Association. . . . Rep. John Ashbrook (R., O.) will fill in as acting chairman of American Conservative Union until new chairman is elected. Don Bruce, who headed ACU for first ten months, has resigned to devote more time to writing, lecturing. . . . Richard Nixon doing his best not to take formal stand in California gubernatorial primary but it's believed he wouldn't mind if the winner wasn't Ronald Reagan. . . . Going the rounds of Washington: Does LBJ's push for Home Rule in the District means he's willing to let the rest of the country have some too?



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"We are falling behind, comrades. They have Sorensen, White and Schlesinger on Kennedy. Where are Molotov, Khrushchev and Malenkov on Stalin?"

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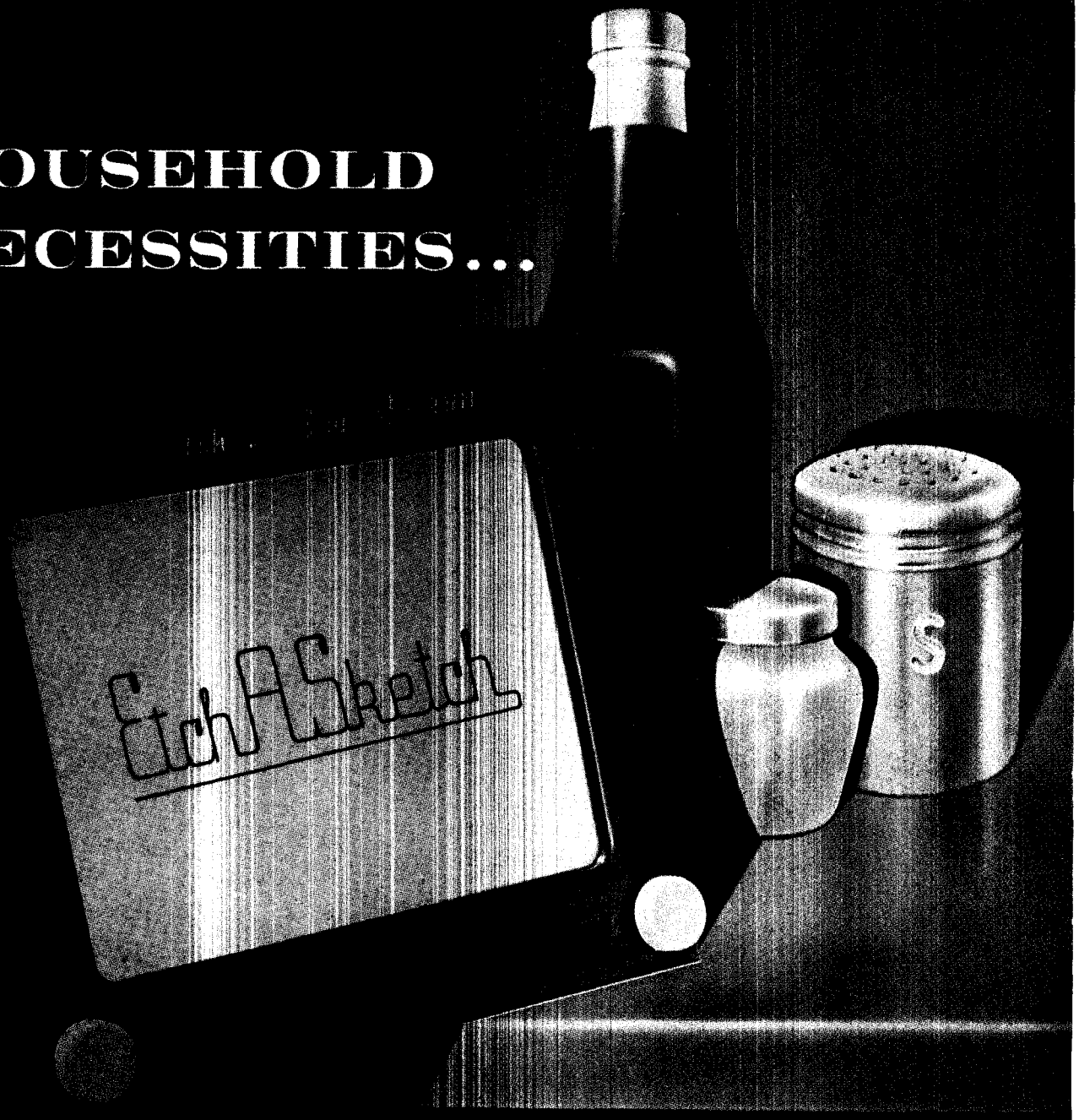
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITIES...



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